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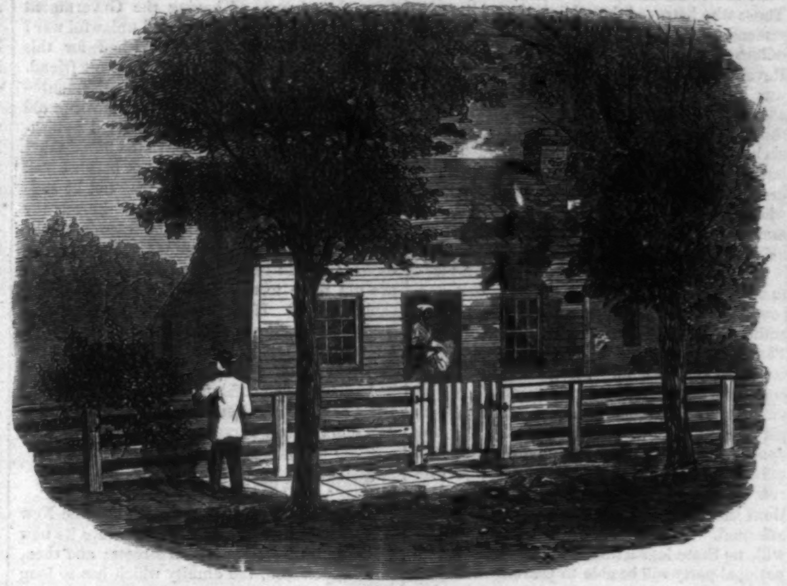
## GENERAL GRANT'S BIRTH-PLACE.

WE present our readers on this page a sketch of the birth-place of Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. The house in which the distinguished General was born has undergone no changes, with the exception of a new roof. The weather-boarding gives evidence of age in the numerous crevices which are apparent in our illustration.

Point Pleasant is on the Ohio River, twenty-five miles above Cincinnati. With the exception of being the place of General GRANT's nativity the village has little to distinguish it from any other.

Indian Creek runs close to the house a short distance before entering the river. The house was built before the General's father came into possession. It is now occupied by a German family.

Our sketch is from a photograph taken by Mr. JAMES GOODWIN, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, to whom our thanks are due for his courtesy in allowing us the copy.



BIRTH-PLACE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT, AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GOODWIN & DICKINSON.]

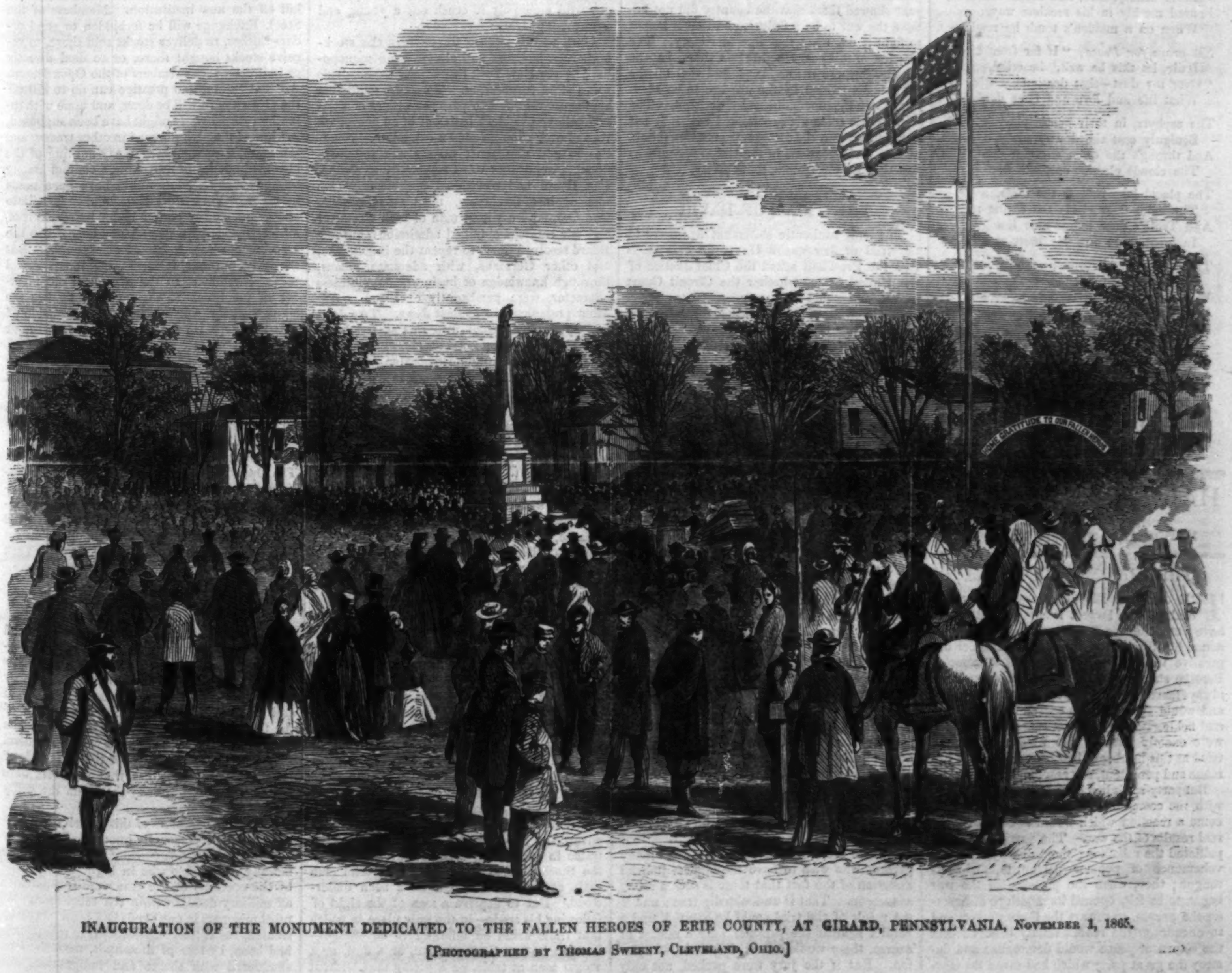
## SOLDIERS' MONUMENT IN ERIE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

THE inauguration of the monument erected at Girard, Pennsylvania, to the memory of the fallen heroes of Erie County took place November 1. Six or seven thousand people were congregated together on this interesting occasion. Among these were many veteran officers of the army.

Girard is a considerable town situated on the Lake Shore Railroad, and is the home of DAN RICE, the illustrious showman, by whose liberality the monument was built. It would not be amiss if his example were followed by other wealthy men in other counties. The monument is located in a small, uninclosed square in the centre of the town.

At 12 M. the ceremonies commenced with an imposing procession, an important feature of which was a tableau car, drawn by the elephant "Romeo," accompanied by a "baby elephant." This car contained thirty-six young ladies, representing the States of the Union. After the uncovering of the monument Governor CURTIN delivered an address, which was eloquent and appropriate to the occasion. After the address a felicitous impromptu was introduced. A young lady, who represented Pennsylvania in the tableau car, and another representing South Carolina, approached Governor CURTIN, each holding two bouquets. Pennsylvania presented her bouquet, and said, addressing Governor C., "Accept this as a tribute to the Soldiers' Friend;" and South Carolina then presented her bouquet in silence. The Governor received both bouquets, and gallantly saluted the fair givers with kisses. Proceeding then to DAN RICE, seated near, Pennsylvania offered her second bouquet, saying, "We appreciate your noble munificence. Accept this." South Carolina, as before, presented her gift in silence. Mr. RICE hesitated about giving the salutation of Governor CURTIN, but not long. This pleasant affair was followed by an address from Ex-Governor TOD, of Ohio, who was followed, reluctantly, by DAN RICE, who made a few remarks, putting his audience in the best of humors.

The monument is a handsome structure, 27 feet in height from the base. A square pedestal of



INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT DEDICATED TO THE FALLEN HEROES OF ERIE COUNTY, AT GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1865.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS SWEENY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.]

nite and marble, with four upright cannon at corners, supports a plain round column draped h the American flag and surmounted by an le. It was built by Mr. Leonard W. Volk, Chicago, at a cost of about $5000. This cost l be increased by the addition of a fence, in ce of the temporary one of wood that now in- es the monument. Its location is in the cen- of the Square, the roadway passing on each side t. On the northern side is the inscription:

IN MEMORY
OF THE
OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS
FROM
ERIE COUNTY, PENN.,
WHO HAVE DIED
IN DEFENSE OF THEIR COUNTRY.

## HYMN TO PEACE.

By H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Amid the tinted umbrage now,
The scarlet vines and yellow weeds,
With gracious smile and pensive brow,
See Autumn [illegible]ll her crimson beads.

When last I watched the deep'ning blue
Of sea and sky, her tranquil glow
Was stained by battle's lurid hue,
And darkened by a nation's woe.

Serene once more her blazoned crest
Of purple bars and amber fleece
Kindles the vistas of the West
With Nature's heraldry of Peace.

While fragrant smoke from burning leaves
With incense fills the crystal air,
On shore and upland clustered sheaves
The harvest's mellow lustre wear.

O Peace! no listless spell is thine,
The sterile end of aimless strife,
We fondly linger at thy shrine
To hallow, not to deaden life.

Thy prelude Bethlehem's shepherds heard,
Its holy echoes never cease,
For the Redeemer's parting word,
His welcome and farewell, was "Peace!"

And when the bard whose lofty fame
In exile won, by age renewed,
To the lone convent's portal came,
Wistful and wan but unsubdued;

As in the friar's hand he laid
For coming time the precious scroll,
The only boon for which he prayed
Was Peace—tranquillity of soul.

And he whose wild and fitful lay
From beauty, love, and scorn was bred,
Paused meekly in his reckless way,
When on a maiden's tomb he read:—

*She prays for Peace;* "If far from kin
I die, let this be writ," he cried,
"Over my dust—that death may win
What life and love and fame denied."

The zephyrs, in their gentle play,
Benignly cast the downy seed,
And through the quiet summer day
The clouds electric currents feed.

The placid lake reflects the skies,
The calm drift yields the alpine rose,
And Truth's pure image ever lies
In hearts that own thy blest repose.

Thine is fruition's brooding sleep
When passion's lull bids thought awake,
Wisdom her patient vigil keep,
And Love her sacred mission take;

To stay the ruthless hand of crime
And awe the rage of lust and fear,
The fruits of Nature and of Time
Again to ripen and to rear;

Our country's rankling wounds to heal
By faith supreme, with tender pride,
And guard with consecrated zeal
The cause for which her martyrs died.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 25, 1865.

## THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

The Autumn Elections are over. Several of the largest States in the Union have voted for the first time since the end of actual hostilities, and the result is another impressive vindication of popular government. Foreign statesmen and many Americans have always feared that a free people must be a mob, and would show itself in extremity both fierce and fickle. The trial has revealed that they were exactly wrong. No nation in history, tried as this has been, has been at once so humane and persistent, so reasonable and patient.

But party-spirit had hoped and predicted that with the cessation of armed hostilities would come a reaction which would sweep away the real results of the war. The party which first palliated the rebellion; then, dismayed by the vehemence of popular patriotism, held its tongue; then, when the pressure of the war began to be felt, opened its mouth to dishearten the people, to thwart the Government, and to encourage the rebels, fondly believed that the return of peace would demoralize and destroy the great party which had saved the Government. It was supposed that such a party was held together only by the necessities of the war—that it was composed of those who had a hundred different views of public policy—and that it would disappear with the occasion that created it. Probably it will, when that condition is fulfilled. The political blunder was in supposing that the occasion was past.

The Union party grew out of the danger of the Union. It will have finished its work when the Union is secure. But the Union can be menaced by intrigue as well as by arms. The Union is not secure until every late rebel State has shown that it accepts in good faith the conditions required by the country. While that point is doubtful the necessity of the Union party is as imperative as ever, and it is that instinct which has carried every where and unanimously the autumn elections.

Another element must not be forgotten, and that is the feeling of the soldiers. The men who have been offering life and limb in the field will never forget the party which declared their efforts useless and the country conquered. Those who betrayed the soldiers the soldier will remember. A Copperhead is henceforth more odious in this country than a Tory after the Revolution; and because the Democratic party was controlled by Copperheads it has lost its ascendency as absolutely and irretrievably as the Federal party after the last war. Nor can such a party be resuscitated, even upon new issues, except by the overthrow of its old leaders. There are men in this country who taint whole parties as dead mice scent a house. They must be utterly removed or the house is not habitable by decent lodgers.

But the crowning glory of the autumn elections is their revelation of the fact that the people of the United States stand heartily together in support of the Equal Rights of men. That is the text from which the United States are to be the sermon. Hitherto we have not been true to our fundamental principle nor to ourselves. The world has been able by a single sneer to put us on our defense; and our apology has not been accepted because the offense was inexcusable. But by infinite sorrow we have expiated the crime, and the elections show that we mean to make the expiation effectual. If we do not misjudge the popular will, no State legislature or convention and no national party will be able to prevent the country from securing the freedom which it has bestowed.

The people of the unorganized States should ponder these results. The election of last year showed them that the country did not believe the war to be a failure, and that it meant to fight it out upon that line to victory. The election of this year should show them that the popular purpose is unrelaxed, and that all the advantages gained by the war are to be absolutely, finally, unconditionally secured. The country has solemnly proclaimed that it is not so necessary that the disorganized States should resume their relations in the Union speedily as that they should resume them safely.

## THE TRIAL OF DAVIS.

The only authentic statement in regard to the trial of Jefferson Davis for treason is that the President asked the Chief Justice of the United States whether the Circuit Court in Virginia would be soon prepared to undertake the trial of grave causes, and that the Chief Justice replied that it was not becoming the courts of the United States to sit in regions still subject to military law.

We can easily imagine that the Chief Justice may have also thought that there was one consideration at least which made this particular trial undesirable, and that is the possibility, as in all trials, of a disagreement of the jury. The country has decided by the most prolonged and fearful war, by the successful operations of vast armies and navies, by an incalculable sacrifice of precious life and an enormous expenditure of money, that, whether lawful or unlawful, constitutional or unconstitutional, there shall be no secession of States from the Union. The doctrine of State sovereignty, which was the only plea of the rebellion, has been judged in the battle-field and overthrown by arms. The national decree is irreversible except by another appeal to war.

Now if the jury upon the trial of Davis should find him guilty of treason the court would merely affirm what the country has already decided. If the jury should disagree, that result would have the moral effect of an acquittal. If it should acquit him, the Government and the country would be convicted of the unspeakable crime of a vast and desolating war unlawfully waged against those whom the highest court of the country would have justified in their action. Is there any reason why the country should be exposed to this tragical and absurd dilemma?

But we are told that there are a great many persons who wish to have the highest judicial assertion of the fact that there is such a crime as treason. That is undoubtedly true; and if the result of the trial could be assured, and a verdict against the prisoner were a matter of course, there would be no difference of opinion. But if the jury were packed, not only would its verdict settle nothing, but the fact could not be concealed, and would overwhelm the country with ignominy. And if it were not packed there remains the chance of disagreement or acquittal, in which case quite as many persons as those who wish to have the judicial affirmation that treason is a crime would curse the Government for the lives of husbands, sons, and kindred massacred in an unlawful war.

We are also asked whether the enormity of the crime should condone the offense. Certainly not. But neither the conviction nor acquittal of Davis would in the least degree affect the public judgment of the enormity of his offense; and although his execution might gratify the natural feeling of those who wish to see at least one traitor executed, yet the remarks of the President to the South Carolina delegation plainly implied that, even if convicted, he would not be hung.

The simple question then recurs, Is it desirable, for the purpose of having Jefferson Davis judicially declared guilty of treason, to take the chance of having the Government convicted of waging a cruel and unlawful war?

Shall nobody, then, be punished for this fearful rebellion? asks some impatient friend. But what is the object of legal punishment—is it revenge or prevention? Did not the old judge truly state the theory of legal punishment when he said to the convicted horse-thief, "Friend, you are to be hung not because you stole a horse, but that horses may not be stolen." Are not the consequences of the war the universal ruin of the rebels, the freedom of the slaves, the political guarantees which we shall exact, the vast loss of rebel life in the field—are not these to the rebels the punishment of their crimes? If the object of punishment be to deter offenders, will the hanging of any dozen men prevent future rebellion if the waste and ruin and mortality of the war do not?

We are very confident that the public mind regards this point very differently, now that it can more calmly survey the whole question.

## THE WARS OF THE BROKERS.

In the course of the coming month the New York Stock Exchange will remove into its new building on Broad and Wall streets; and then, it is understood, the enmity which has so long been smouldering between that institution and the Open Board of Brokers will burst into active hostilities. It will be the old story—the struggle of an old, established, wealthy, and powerful monopoly to crush out a young and enterprising rival.

Until within two or three years the stock-brokerage business had always been monopolized by the New York Stock Exchange. This was a close corporation. To obtain admission applicants required to pass the ordeal of a secret ballot; five black balls out of an aggregate vote of over 150 excluded a candidate. Needless to add that most worthy and unexceptionable applicants were frequently excluded. The Board had traditional prejudices. One was against foreigners, meaning Germans. One German—a young man of high character and fair capital—obtained admission; but the Board resolved never to repeat the indulgence, and other Germans, with adequate means, thorough knowledge of business, and stainless character, were persistently excluded. Another prejudice was against Jews. Two Jews had by accident crept into this sacred body. But the Board inexorably closed its doors against their co-religionists. Men who were in every way entitled to seats in the Board, whose character and responsibility were beyond question, were firmly excluded, for no other reason than that they frequented the synagogue. Prejudices thus fairly recognized as good grounds of exclusion, they were extended according to the views of members. One man was excluded for many years because he was a loud and, at times, a foolish talker. Another because he displayed a silly vanity. Another because, at a time when Democracy was akin to Copperheadism, he had presided over a Democratic meeting. Another, it is said, because his manners were coarse, and it was rumored he ate pease with his knife. Many were shut out for no reason at all except the toothless venom of old members, who had seen business pass away from them, and who sought revenge and solace by closing the door in the faces of young aspirants. When five votes out of 150 sufficed to exclude a candidate it was easy enough to muster the requisite number among the slaves of prejudice and the spiteful valetudinarians. Of course there were very many members to whom this policy was hateful, and who were as liberal in their business principles as in their private dealings; but they could not or would not control the Board.

It may seem incredible that such principles governed a body which actually controlled the traffic in public and corporate securities. If the Stock Exchange had been a social club their exclusiveness might have been understood. But to deprive a man of the right of following his trade—in the only place in which that trade could be followed to advantage—because he was German born, or a Jew, or a vulgar man at table, or a young man without friends seems, at this day, almost too preposterous for belief. It was, however, the policy of the New York Stock Exchange for many years. Its monstrous absurdity may be realized by analogy with other trades. If the corn dealers, for instance, should refuse to suffer Jews to buy and sell corn or wheat, or the grocers to allow Germans to deal in teas and sugars, or the tailors to permit their journeymen to cut out breeches on their own account, or lawyers to tolerate ill-bred men in the courts, or doctors to admit duly licensed students to consultations, what a storm of ridicule would be showered on the heads of the would-be monopolists! Yet this is what the stock-brokers did successfully for many years.

When the suspension of specie payments in 1862 led to an increase of general business in stocks the brokers who were excluded from the Stock Exchange established a Board of their own, known in those days by the dingy title of the "Coal-hole." To the annoyance of the Stock Exchange business poured in upon the new organization. It was immediately determined to crush it out. Resolutions were passed forbidding members of the Stock Exchange from visiting the "Coal-hole" or sending orders thither. This vermilion edict was expected to annihilate the mushroom upstart. Within a month, however, a remarkable discovery was made. This was that speculators in stocks proposed to control their own business, and had no notion of being excluded from a market because their brokers did not choose to deal there. Members of the Stock Exchange discovered that if they would not send orders to the "Coal-hole" their customers would, and so, to avoid losing their business, they rescinded their edict.

Since then the "Coal-hole" has made way for the Open Board of Brokers, a vigorous and wealthy institution, with ample rooms, open to the public, and as many members as the New York Stock Exchange. For some time this Board has done more business than its older rival.

To cope with it the Stock Exchange has relaxed many of its rules. A man is not now necessarily excluded because he is a Jew or a German. It now takes eleven black balls to exclude instead of five. And members of the New York Stock Exchange send their orders to the Open Board to be executed just as freely as to their own rooms.

All this, we hear, is to be changed when the Stock Exchange takes possession of its new building. Then a fresh effort will be made to kill off the new institution. Members of the Stock Exchange will be forbidden to send orders thither, to deliver stocks sold there, to receive stocks bought there, or to deal directly or indirectly with members of the Open Board. All that capital and prestige can do to kill off the Open Board will be done, and done with relentless purpose. It might have been supposed, in view of the plan pursued in other trades, and the equities of the case, to say nothing of the obvious impolicy of provoking a conflict among brokers, that an effort would have been made by the New York Stock Exchange to conciliate all parties, and to gather under its ample roof all responsible persons engaged honestly in the transaction of stock-brokerage business. But the old traditions, it seems, are too powerful to be overcome. In the eye of an old member of the Stock Exchange no man has the right to make a living as a broker outside of that body: perish the business rather than our monopoly.

So, within a month, dealers in stocks may look out for a "pleasant fight." The Stock Exchange offers to the public greater prestige than its younger rival. The latter proposes to do the business of brokerage at one-half its ancient rival's rates. The Stock Exchange transacts its business with closed doors in secret. The Open Board admits every body to its sessions; an operator sees his order executed under his eyes. Whether under these circumstances the public will submit to be deprived of the market now offered by the Open Board—in obedience to the behests of the New York Stock Exchange—remains to be seen.

## HENRY WIRZ.

The guilty agent of the men who determined that our brave boys should die by slow and horrible torture in the pen of Andersonville has been hung. He did not deny that somebody ought to suffer for those unimaginable crimes; and we trust that "Colonel Freemantle of the Guards," and all who believed with him that the horrors of rebel prisons were "a Federal lie," will mark and remember the last words of Henry Wirz: "I admit that prisoners were brutally treated, but deny that I am the guilty party."

The real instigators of this atrocity will perhaps never be personally known. But history and the human heart will forever hold those morally responsible who in high positions and by the necessity of the case were familiar with all military details within the rebel lines. If rebel prisoners in our hands had been "brutally treated," as Wirz confessed ours in rebel hands had been, by tens of thousands, until the land shuddered with shame and indignation, and

ABRAHAM LINCOLN had sat placidly in the White House, and General GRANT had smoked calmly in his tent, and neither of them had stopped absolutely and finally those dreadful deeds, their names would justly be as infamous as now they are honored and beloved. No sophistry could conceal their guilty responsibility, and none can acquit the men who held corresponding positions among the rebels. There are crimes against God and man which ought not to be forgotten, and those for which WIRZ suffered and of which his masters share the guilt are of them.

It is a curious and awful retribution; but these horrors of Andersonville were but the natural and inevitable result of the system of slavery which this country so long tolerated. You can not deny his natural rights to any man without becoming indifferent to those of every man. When man, under any circumstances, is systematically regarded and treated as a thing or a brute, the compensations of nature are so exquisite and perfect that humanity itself pays the penalty.

The declaration of the late rebel slaveholders in the Southern States, that emancipation has been imposed upon them, and that caste shall be maintained, is another expression of precisely the same spirit which begot the atrocities of WIRZ, of Belle Isle, and Salisbury, and Andersonville, and which at this moment hunts and murders the colored soldiers in the Southwest. That spirit is the unclean devil which tortures this country, and there will be no national health until it is utterly cast out.

## WHAT IS A STATE?

WHATEVER the differences of philosophy in the various views entertained of the present relation of the late rebel States to the Union, there are practically but two radically different opinions: one that of the late rebels themselves and the Northern Copperheads, which is, that the rebels in certain States having laid down their arms the States are by that fact restored to all their former rights and privileges in the Union; and the other that of the President and loyal men in all the States, which is, that they can resume their ancient position only by the consent of the Government and upon such terms as it may impose. The grounds upon which this latter view is held are very many and even conflicting. But it would be difficult to find a clearer or stronger statement of one view than the one which we subjoin:

> "A people having a government is, so long as it continues to have it, that kind of body politic which we call a State. So long and no longer, one year or a thousand years. While Rome had such Rome was a State, and Poland, and Algiers, and Naples, and Mexico of the Montezumas, and Peru of the Incas; but losing their governments, Peru and Mexico became possessions of Spain, and Naples of Victor Emanuel, and Algiers of France, and Poland of the partitioning powers, and Rome of the hundred nations and tribes that broke through her barriers. If the land they stood on had been submerged in the sea, those States would not have been more effectually destroyed than they were when their governments were overwhelmed by conquest.
>
> "On the other hand, the Old Thirteen were mere colonies until they acquired governments, then they became States, and finally ratifying the Constitution, States *in the Union*. So all the new accessions except Texas were first Territories, then States, then, on admission, States in the Union. Just as well call a clock-case which never had machinery in it, or from which the machinery has been removed, a clock, as a people which never had a government, or whose government has been destroyed, a State. To do so is simply to change definitions. Land rising ten thousand feet above all other lands around is a mountain. Who, if it were to sink, leaving a lake in its place, would call it a mountain still?
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> "States in the Union differ from States out of it only in certain relations they bear to each other. These relations ceasing in fact as to any one or more States, the difference in fact ceases also, and such States are out of the Union. No doubt we lawyers often say very pretty things, and poetical too, about matters which have ceased in reality to exist, as *still existing in contemplation of law;* and the uninitiated think we mean something, they not reflecting that law is not an intelligent *being*, but a mere mandate issued by supreme authority, and therefore can never contemplate at all, though those who administer or talk about it may. Say, then, that the law contemplates or not what we will, if there be no government in fact, there is in fact no State, or where there are in fact no relations of unity there is in fact no union.
>
> "Five years ago, then, South Carolina was a State in the Union. By force, and not by any cunning arrangements of the alphabet, she broke up those relations, one and all, expelled every officer, overthrew every law, seized every fort, and excluded every vessel of the United States. The other ten did substantially the same. Contemplation of law! The *fact* of a union between them and the United States was as untrue as between—nay, more untrue—than between Japan and the United States. Not only was there total separation, but that separation was guarded by three hundred thousand men under arms. To call *that* union is simply to defy dictionary and common sense.
>
> "But the eleven remained still States, for they maintained their respective governments. For a time. At length that long line of armed exterior was, as field after field was lost, driven back, and State after State overrun, their governments destroyed, their laws annulled, courts closed, and functionaries displaced, and generals and soldiers dispensed martial law alone under authority of the United States. Not a State government was left any more than after the fall of Algiers there was an Algerine government, or after that of King Bomba a Neapolitan government. Those geographical spaces, once States, are now possessions of the United States, won by conquest and held by the sword.
>
> "It is only to *States* in the Union that the United States are to guarantee a republican form of government. *These* are not *in* but only *belong* to the Union as Utah belongs to it. And when or whether they shall become States in the Union is just as much in discretion as when or whether Utah shall become such.
>
> "Congress has never created nor attempted to create a State even on our own territory. That is the work of the people. Congress can only 'admit' States already existing. Tennessee I suppose to be such an inchoate State, just as California and Michigan and all the other new States were such, having formed governments in fact on national territory by national sufferance. When admitted, this sufferance hardens into a title good against the United States in all circumstances except disunion by force. In war, the grand assize of nations, municipal law furnishes no rule and the strongest take the verdict, and the vanquished are at mercy, with not a right on earth except rights to the wisdom and humanity of the victors.
>
> "That is the condition of all the eleven now. And the whole subject of what is wise and what is humane is as much open in regard to them as is the question of what is wise and humane in regard to the District of Columbia, where Congress has power of exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, limited only by amendments to the Constitution.
>
> "These things being so, then,
>
> "1. The States that remained loyal are the whole United States.
>
> "2. The Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery has been adopted.
>
> "3. Considering the extent of the Union majority in both Houses of Congress and the like majority in nearly every State Legislature, there should be instant action toward other amendments whereby distinctions of race before the law, and before all laws, may be obliterated, the anomalies in the present system of representation corrected, and some order and some limits imposed on military courts.
>
> "No more important subjects than these are likely soon to arise, nor a better time to dispose of them well soon to occur."

## CLERICAL SOPHISTRY.

IN the *Weekly* of October 7 we published a letter from a friend in Memphis, in which the project of a Memorial Cathedral "in honor of the Confederate dead," and a discourse in aid of it by the Rev. Mr. ROGERS, were mentioned.

The extract from the letter is reprinted in a small pamphlet, which comes to us with the respects of the Rev. J. W. ROGERS, setting forth the objects of this monument and soliciting subscriptions. To the remarks of our correspondent, Rev. Mr. ROGERS says: "We render not railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing; and will only add, by way of defense, the following sketch of Westminster Abbey." He then proceeds to show that, in the English cathedral, a monument to one of CROMWELL's officers was permitted to remain, and that FOX and PITT, the great rivals, sleep side by side, while a head of WASHINGTON appears upon ANDRE's monument.

The Rev. Mr. ROGERS sophisticates himself uselessly. Westminster Abbey is a national monumental church, in which, by his own showing, several "rebels" are incidentally and exceptionally commemorated. But his cathedral, in the words of his pamphlet, is to be erected by "the people of the Southern States," to the memory of *their* "heroic dead." Does the Rev. Mr. ROGERS propose to commemorate in his cathedral the memory of LYON, of RENO, of SEDGWICK, of M'PHERSON, of WADSWORTH, of WINTHROP, and SHAW; or only of STONEWALL JACKSON and LEONIDAS POLK? Is his monument national or "Southern?" Is it built to the glory of the country or to that of a section? The answer is written on the pamphlet which he sends us, "Please make your offering to some Confederate soldier, naming him."

When the Rev. Mr. ROGERS says that the projectors of St. Lazarus's cathedral, "while they weep over their heroic dead and desolated country, accept in good faith, etc.," he speaks not as an American, but as "a Southerner," and his enterprise is intended to foster the sectional feeling which induces certain people who are not friendly to the Union to call some of the Southern States their "country." The Rev. Mr. ROGERS should clearly understand that his country is the United States of America. If he wishes to honor the memory of men who tried to destroy it, let him do so; but if he is wise he will not justify a church in their honor by the example of Westminster Abbey.

## MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.

THE President's reply to the Committee from North Carolina, begging him to recognize that State as fully restored to the Union, and to ask from Congress a repeal of the test-oath, confirms what we said last week of his views in regard to the unorganized States.

The President replied courteously that the North Carolina Legislature had not yet adopted the constitutional amendment, which was an essential condition of restoration, and he declined to answer specifically the other questions asked, saying only that Governor HOLDEN would continue to act as Provisional Governor until relieved *from Washington*, and not by the result of the election ordered by the Provisional Convention. In a word, said the President, "My action must depend upon events."

The Secretary of State, by the President's order, has also informed Provisional Governor PERRY of South Carolina that he will learn from Washington when he is relieved, notwithstanding the election of Mr. ORR; that the adoption of the emancipation amendment "is deemed peculiarly important," and that "it is impossible to anticipate events."

These things all show that the measures adopted by the President are experimental. He is testing the condition of the unorganized States. He is ascertaining whether they faithfully accept the situation. Therefore he can not anticipate events. While he sees that South Carolina merely repeals the ordinance of secession, and does not repudiate the rebel debt, and does not voluntarily adopt the amendment; while he sees Georgia refuse to repudiate her rebel debt, notwithstanding his plain instructions to Governor JOHNSON; while he sees Mississippi elect an unpardoned rebel for Governor in place of a technical Unionist, and in North Carolina the Union candidate defeated; while he sees every where in the Southern States an animosity toward the freedmen which warns him and the country not to abandon them to the mercy of State laws, the President very naturally says to Mr. REID of North Carolina that his action must depend upon events.

Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that the policy of the President receives the unqualified support of the remains of the late unfortunate Democratic party. Supported thus by his opponents, as well as his friends, the era of good feeling must be at hand.

## A SIGN.

WE have seen with pleasure the "Colored Man's Almanac," calculated by WILLIAM H. MILLER, of Lexington, Kentucky. It is peculiarly interesting at this time, when the pitiless and unmanly depreciation of the race to which Mr. MILLER belongs makes it important to emphasize the plain fact that they are men like the rest of us, and ask nothing but the fair play which all the rest of us have. A work like this inevitably deepens the conviction that people who, under every disadvantage, can accomplish themselves to such a point of exact mathematical skill may safely be treated like other human beings, and intrusted with the same privileges that we all enjoy.

## THE STRENGTH OF A LITTLE FLOWER.

THIS INCIDENT IS RELATED IN THE "EXPERIENCES OF A PRISON MATRON."

FROM the wicked, woeful streets
 The prisoner is come
To do penance for wicked and woeful deeds,
 With the prison for a home.

She is callous, hard, and bold,
 Reared in the ways of sin,
From her soul the woman seems driven out
 And the devil entered in.

She has no belief in love,
 You can rule her but by fear,
Speak to her gently in Christianwise,
 The reply is an oath or jeer.

Dark night had fallen down
 On the darker night within
The prison's hard unflinching walls
 That inclosed that world of sin.

I, in my nightly round,
 Paused by that woman's door.
The silence of her stormy cell
 Astonished me far more
Than oath or ribald shout or song
 Her lips were wont to pour.

Propped on her sturdy arms,
 Her dark and sinful face
Was bent above the table bare;
 At once I marked the place

Whereon her gaze was fixed,
 And there before her lay
A daisy she had plucked by stealth
 From out the yard that day.

And while I gazed her face
 Contracted as in pain,
And o'er her coarse and swarthy cheeks
 Down fell the tearful rain.

And on her linkéd arms
 Her heavy head fell low,
And sobs convulsed the woman's frame,
 Bent with its load of woe.

Months upon months went by,
 When one day I, by chance,
Took up the Bible in her cell
 And through the leaves did glance:

Between the pages spread
 The withered daisy lay.
God has a language of His own
 *We* can not write or say.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE ELECTIONS.

ON Tuesday, the 7th, elections were held in the States of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maryland, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. In every one of these States the Union ticket was successful by large majorities.

In New York General Barlow's majority for Secretary of State is 28,000. The rest of the Union ticket in that State has a much larger majority.

In New Jersey Governor Ward's majority is over 3000. What is chiefly important in the New Jersey election is the Union gain in the Legislature, securing the early ratification of the Constitutional Amendment.

In Massachusetts A. H. Bullock was chosen Governor by about 50,000 majority. General Banks is returned to Congress from the Sixth District.

In Wisconsin Fairchild is elected Governor. Marshall is elected Governor in Minnesota.

In Maryland Mr. Frazier, the Union candidate, has been elected to the State Senate from Dorchester County. This secures a Union majority in that body.

### RECONSTRUCTION.

President Johnson, having been so strongly supported by the recent elections, has given clearer intimations as to the policy which he has decided to maintain. By continuing in power until further notice the Provisional Governors of the Southern States, he settles the question, which was already becoming an exciting one, in regard to the power of Mr. M'Pherson to admit Southern members on the roll of Congress. He has also declared the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment on the part of the Southern States necessary to their restoration. Governor Sharkey has instituted a court of special equity for the freedmen of Mississippi, and the Legislature of that State having passed a bill annulling his action in the matter he has vetoed the bill.

In accordance with the demand of President Johnson in regard to emancipation, South Carolina, on the 13th, in both Houses of her Legislature, adopted the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. The first of the Southern States to secede, because slavery could not "have free course and be glorified" in this country, South Carolina is also the first to adopt the total and permanent abolition of the sacred institution.

Jonathan Worth, the Opposition candidate, has beaten Provisional Governor Holden some 5000 to 10,000 votes in the canvass for the Chief Magistracy of North Carolina. Turner, member of the "rebel" Congress, is elected to Congress in the Raleigh district. Clark, who can not take the oath, is elected in the Newbern district over Lehman, who can take it.

In New Orleans, Wells for Governor and Voorhees for Lieutenant-Governor have carried the city by an overwhelming majority. L. S. Martin, in the First Congressional district, Jacob Barker, in the Second, and R. C. Wickliffe, in the Third, are elected by large majorities.

The election for Governor and members of Congress and the Legislature took place in Alabama on the 6th. Mr. Bulger, it is conceded, has been elected Governor.

The members of the Florida Reconstruction Convention, elected on the 10th of October, assembled in Tallahassee on the 25th of that month, and on the same day the Message of Provisional Governor Marvin was delivered and read to the body. The Governor does not think it would be wise at present to confer the privilege of voting on the negroes, and believes Congress will not demand this concession on the part of the States lately in revolt as an indispensable preliminary to the admission of their representatives; but he urges upon the Convention, as a matter of the plainest justice as well as of wisdom, that laws for the most complete protection of the freedmen's civil rights be passed, and that their testimony be received in the courts. Without these, he says, the colored people will have no safeguards against the impositions of cruel or dishonest employers, and with them he thinks this emancipated people will be generally contented, industrious, and enterprising, even in the absence of the exercise of the ballot. He also recommends that the Convention declare the secession ordinance null and void, and advocates the adoption by the Legislature of the amendment to the National Constitution forever prohibiting slavery throughout the country.

### TRIAL OF JEFF DAVIS.

Chief Justice Chase has given his opinion in regard to the proposed trial of Jeff Davis in his circuit. He stated that the regular term authorized by Congress would commence this year on the 27th of November, the present month, only one week before the annual term of the Supreme Court, when all the Judges are required to be present, allowing but one week for the Circuit Court to sit, which, in the opinion of the Chief Justice, would be too short a term for the transaction of any very important business. But the Chief Justice adds that, were the facts otherwise, he so much doubts the propriety of holding Circuit Courts of the United States in States which have been declared by the executive and legislative departments of the National Government to be in rebellion, and therefore subjected to martial law, before the complete restoration of their broken relations with the nation, and the supersedure of the military by the civil administration, that he would be unwilling to hold such courts in such States within his circuit, which includes Virginia, "until Congress shall have had an opportunity to consider and act on the whole subject."

### NEWS ITEMS.

President Johnson has appointed General Judson Kilpatrick our minister to Chili. The Secretary of war has changed the name of Fort Runyon to Fort Kilpatrick.

This has been a great season for Generals, and what is a little remarkable, in not a single instance, that we are aware of, has a soldier, who was running as a candidate of the Union party, been defeated. Generals Stone, of Iowa; Oglesby, of Illinois; Fairchild, of Wisconsin; Marshall, of Minnesota; Cox, of Ohio; Ward, of New Jersey; Barlow, of New York, have, as the candidates of the Union party, been triumphantly elected.

Alexander H. Stepens, rebel ex-Vice-President, having been solicited to become a candidate for Governor of Georgia, has written a letter in which he positively declines to allow his name to be used in that connection. Mr. Stephens has also refused, though strongly urged, to be a candidate for Congress.

Colonel A. H. Bowman, of the United States Corps of Engineers, died at his residence in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, on the morning of the 11th inst. He superintended the building of Fort Sumter, and, at the time of his death, was President of the Board of Engineers charged with remodeling the coast fortifications.

Major-General Thomas J. Wood has been assigned to the command of the Department of Mississippi, relieving General Osterhaus, who succeeded General Slocum in virtue of his rank.

A bill was introduced in the Senate of the Tennessee Legislature on November 7 to authorize the sale of the Hermitage estate, the home of General Jackson, which is the property of the State, excepting two acres surrounding the tomb of the hero, providing that the land be divided into lots and sold to the highest bidder.

The ladies employed in the Treasury Department at Washington are feeling considerable alarm at the prospective introduction of a bill in Congress to dispense with their services, that room may be made for the large number of discharged soldiers now seeking place under Government patronage.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is now quite settled that Earl Russell is to be, for a time at least, at the head of the English Government. It is thought that Lord Clarendon will be Foreign Minister, and that Mr. Gladstone will consent to retain his present position in the Cabinet and in the House of Commons.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "It is generally reported in Paris that the French army in Mexico will be withdrawn by installments, and that by August or September next year the whole will have returned to France. This resolution is said to be adopted, not only from a desire to afford no reasonable ground of complaint to the United States, but also on economic grounds."

The cholera still prevails at Paris. The Government takes great pains to suppress the obituary returns, but it is impossible to disguise the truth. The Emperor and Empress have added to their popularity by their frequent visits to the cholera hospitals, followed by large subscriptions for the relief of families suffering from the epidemic. The *Moniteur* publishes three columns of advice to the public in regard to precautions and remedies.

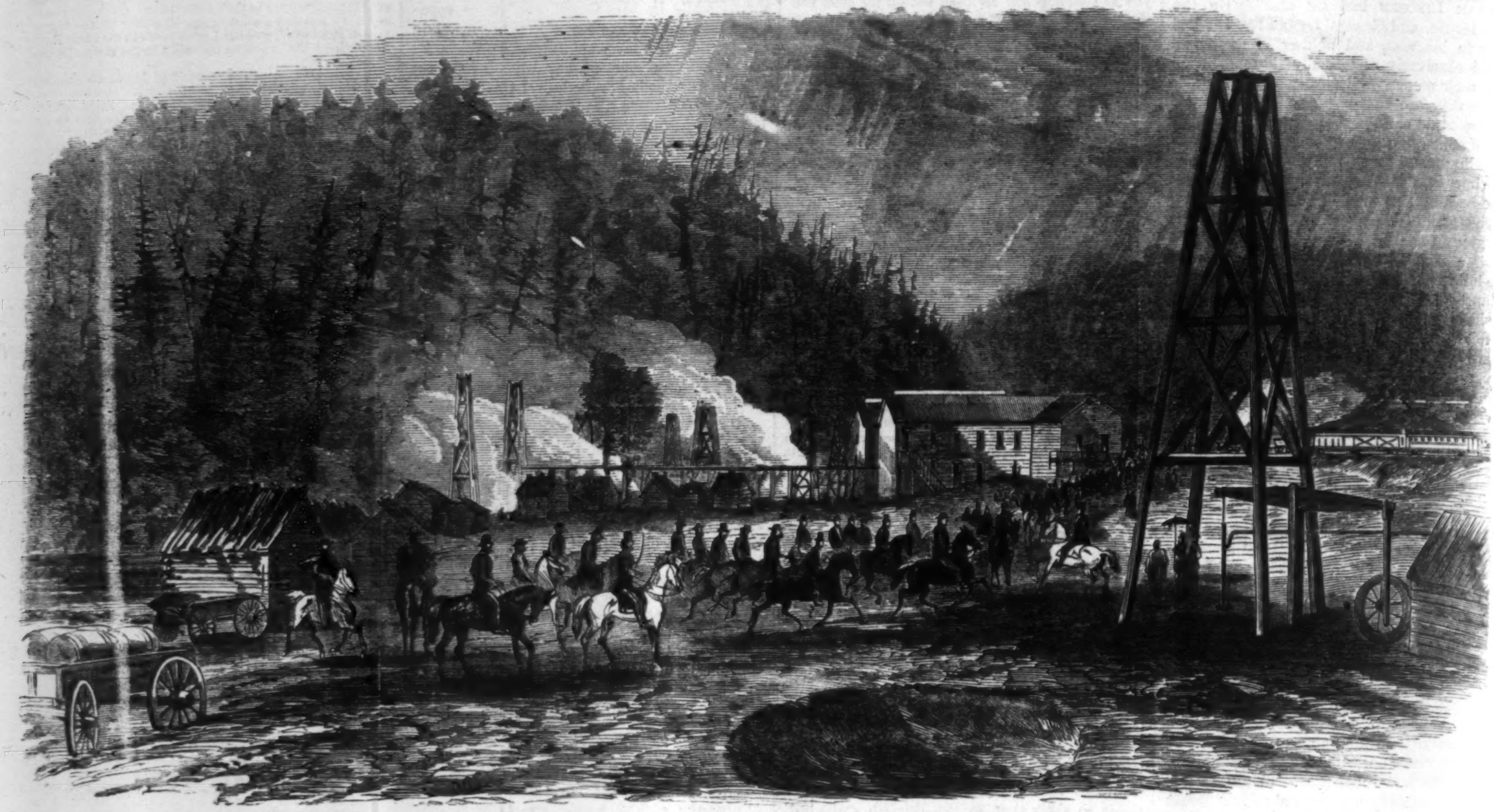
The Russian papers announce that the epidemic, which appeared two months since in the southern provinces of the empire, is advancing north, and notwithstanding the cold weather it has arrived at Berdytchen, in Russian Poland, a town of 40,000 souls, mostly Jews.

The Liberal forces of Mexico have not yet withdrawn from Matamoros. They hold the river below the city, and will try to prevent subsistence supplies for the garrison to reach the city. The citizens are said to be in a starving condition. General Canales, with 500 men, was expected soon to reinforce the besiegers.

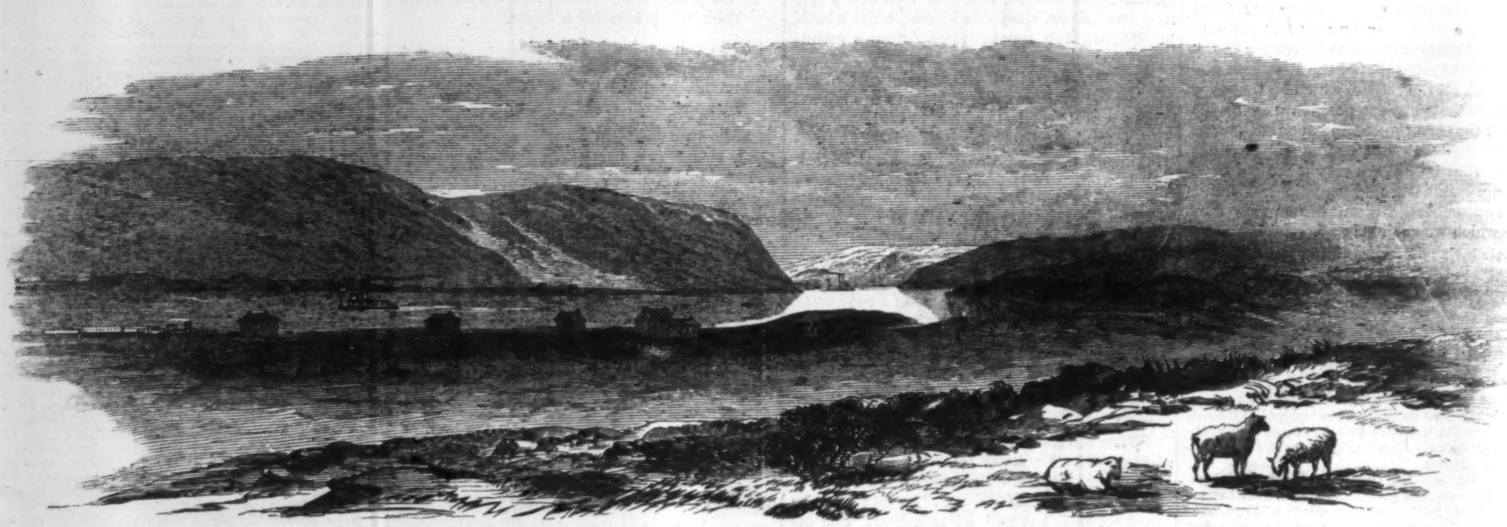
President Geffrard of Hayti has issued a manifesto in which he announces that ships of war, purchased for the Government in New York, are on their way to Hayti. All the other Haytien steamers, to the number of six, have been entirely repaired and armed. Thus the President hopes the rebel strong-hold, Cape Haytien, will soon be overcome.

Antonio Guiglini, the famous opera tenor, died, October 12, in the Lunatic Asylum of Pesaro, Italy. He had been insane two years.

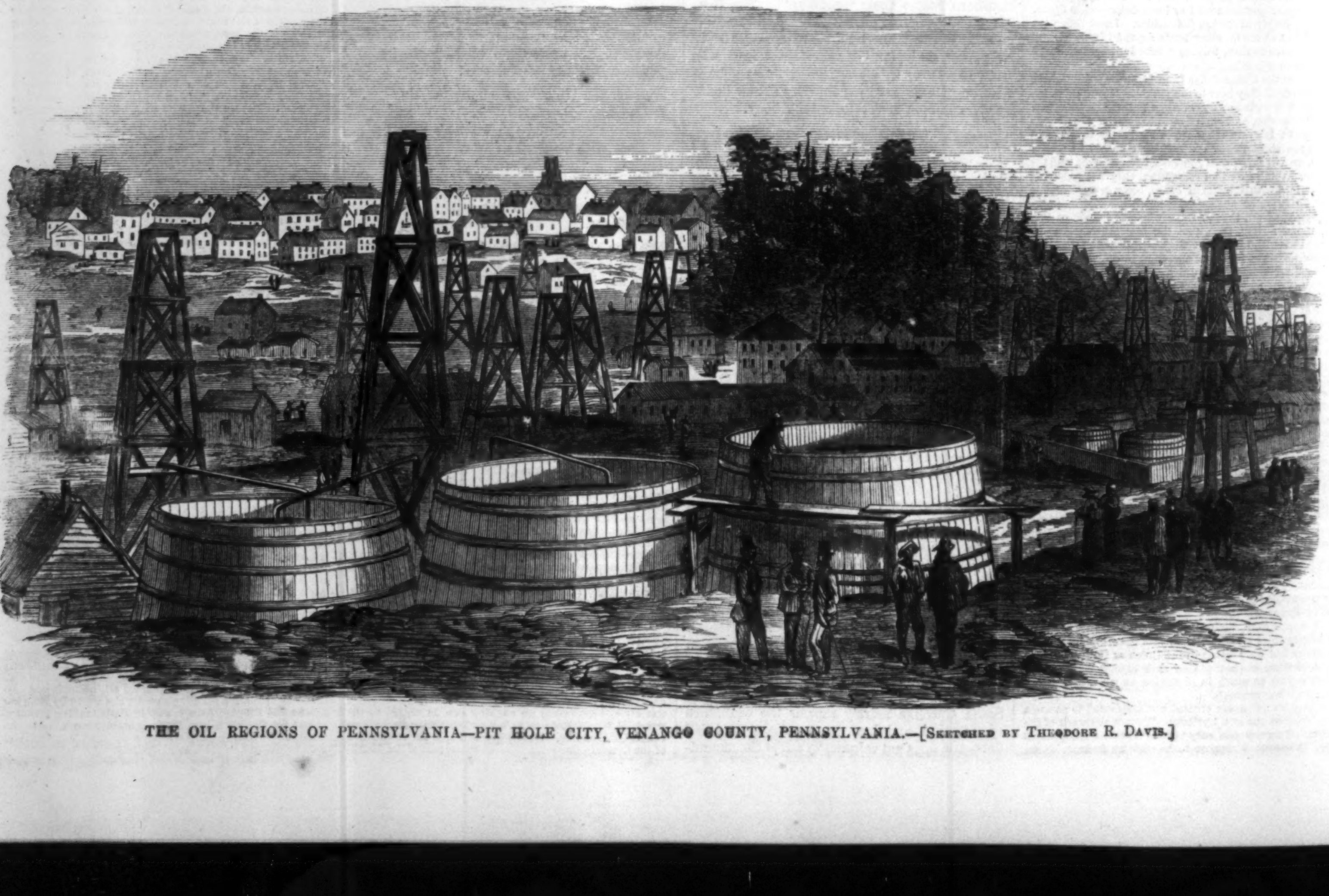
Hiram Sibley, who has contracted with Russia and England for making a telegraph round the world by Behring Straits and Russian Asia, is now in Paris making arrangements for the execution of the gigantic work. All the materials, wire, etc., have been contracted for, and will soon be shipped to the United States.



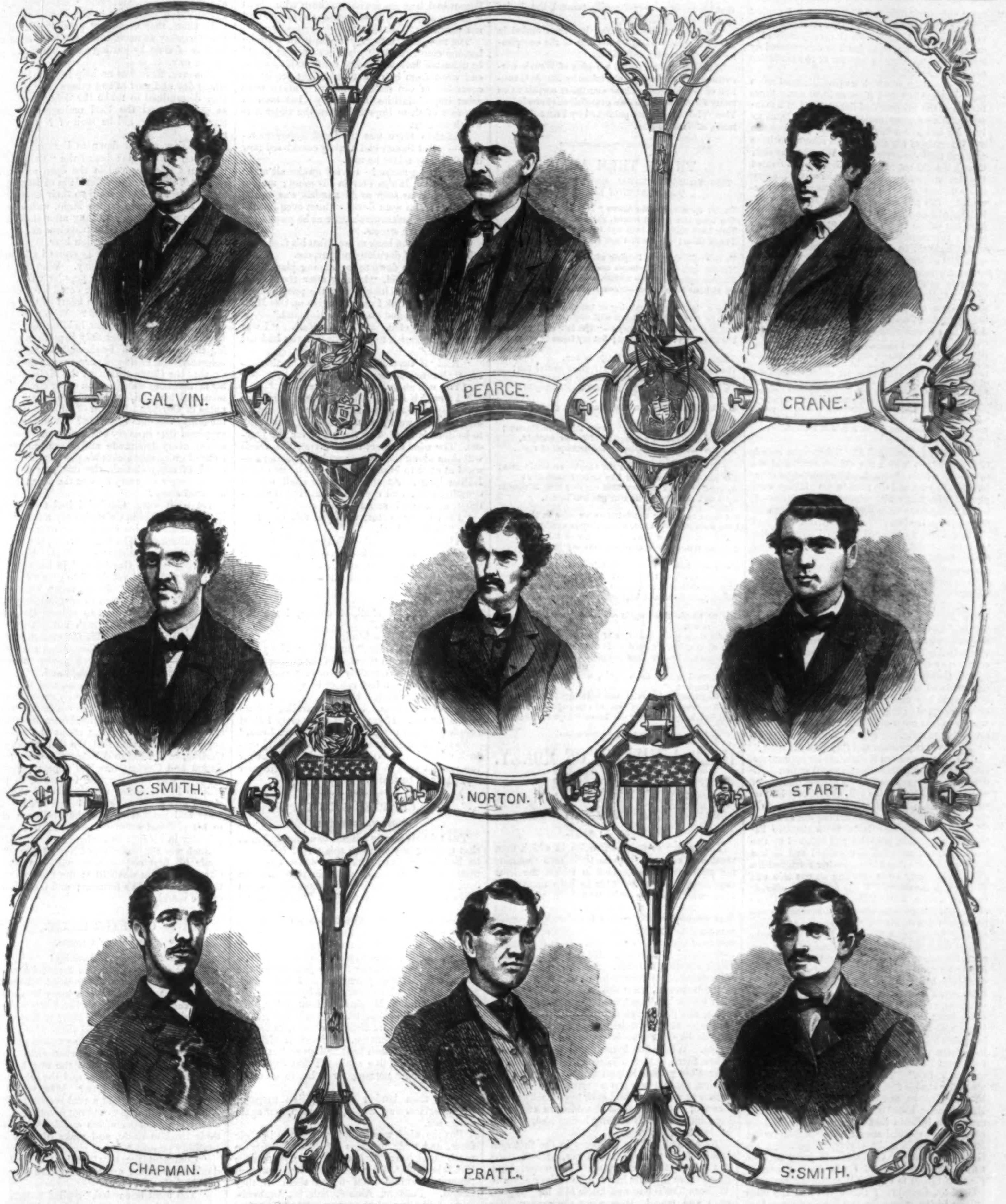
EXCURSION TO THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA—LEAVING SCHAFFER FOR PIT HOLE CITY.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



RENO, THE FUTURE METROPOLIS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA OIL REGION.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA—PIT HOLE CITY, VENANGO COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



'CHAMPION NINE" OF THE ATLANTIC BASE-BALL CLUB OF BROOKLYN, L. I., 1865.

## THE ATLANTIC BASE-BALL CLUB.

We give on this page portraits of the nine members of the Atlantic Base-Ball Club in Brooklyn who were engaged in the recent contests for the championship with the members of the Athletic Club of Philadelphia. The "nine" of the Atlantic were victors in two successive matches—one played in Philadelphia, October 30, of which we gave an illustration in our last paper, the other a week later in Brooklyn. This latter established the claim of the Atlantic Club to the championship until some more successful rival shall arise to dispute it.

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## EXCURSION TO THE OIL REGIONS.

On page 740 we publish three interesting illustrations relating to the Oil Regions of Pennsylvania. A short time since invitations were issued by Mr. C. Vernon Culver to the capitalists of different cities to meet at Meadville for an excursion through the oil region of Pennsylvania. The party, consisting of senators, bankers, capitalists, and a necessary number of the journalistic fraternity, visited Corry, where extensive refining of petroleum is carried on.

Thence *via* the Oil Creek Railroad to Titusville. The next place visited was Schaffer, near which the first oil was discovered. Here horses were in readiness to convey the excursionists to "Pit Hole City." The ride was a merry one despite the rain and mud. The arrival at "Pit Hole" was the signal for the inhabitants to enjoy a joke at the expense of the bespattered excursionists. They were designated as "Bummers," "Do-Boys," "Raiders," etc.

Through the streets, where six months since there were no houses, we rode to the Pit Hole Creek. Here every thing was oil—thousand-barrel wells and hundred-barrel wells were plenty. Here we met men that hardly knew how much they were worth. "But the wells will give out," they said. Vast fortunes have been made by enterprising men who "went in" early. Messrs. Duncan and Prather associated themselves with several other gentlemen as early as December, 1864, in the purchase of the land interest in the Holden Farm, which contains 171 acres of land, selling the same in December last for one million and a half dollars.

The Second National Petroleum Company of this city bought the M'Kinney Farm, adjoining the Holden Farm, for $250,000, and soon after refused $600,000. This land is said to be wonderfully productive. After resting at the "Morey House" during the night the excursionists mounted their steeds for the journey *via* "Cherry Run" to Oil City.

It seems strange that such a common-sense race as our Yankees are should have built in such an impossible spot. Nature left the spot for a few oil wells, but no room for a city. Two miles more and we reach Reno, which place it is designed to make the metropolis of the oil region. Mr. C. Vernon Culver owns the 1200 acres of land upon which the town is laid out. After a comfortable lunch, Mr. Culver rose and proposed a very satisfactory scheme for persons desiring to invest their money.

"I propose," said he, "to stock this ground at $10,000,000. The money as paid in for the stock (which will not be sold for less than par) to be placed in the hands of trustees, and by them placed in the United States Treasury. The interest of this money up to $1,000,000 to be expended in developments of the property. I also propose to be ready at all times to return the par value of the stock when it is called for.

"If I can make this stock so satisfactory as to keep it out, which I am more than confident that I can, I shall be in the receipt of $600,000 each year, the interest of the stock at six per cent."

The proposition was received with great favor by the excursionists, who soon started in the train in waiting for Franklin, thence to Meadville, where the comforts of the McHenry House were not to be forgotten.

Explosions are of frequent occurrence in the oil regions. One occurred very recently (on the evening of November 8) at Pit Hole City.

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## EXECUTION OF WIRZ.

In accordance with the sentence promulgated on Monday, November 6, Captain Wirz, the Andersonville jailer, was hung in the yard of the Old Capitol prison at Washington on Friday, the 10th instant. Perhaps in no single instance on record has the execution of any criminal been so clearly demanded by justice. Certainly it is a rare thing for men and women to rend the air with cheers as was the case when Wirz was hung. In ordinary cases this exultation would have seemed against nature; but in a case like this the processes of nature are reversed, and the shock usually incident to the spectacle of a violent death is overpowered by the popular rejoicing on account of the extinction of a monster of cruelty.

The execution, of which we give illustrations on pages 748 and 749, took place at 10.30 A.M. Since his arrest the prisoner had been treated in a manner befitting a great nation—calmly and humanely. He had had a fair trial; even the petulance and insolence of his counsel were allowed to have no harsh influence against him. When he was sick, though it could not be forgotten how he had treated the sick under his charge at Andersonville, every comfort necessary to his situation was cheerfully accorded. His cell was made cheerful by a grate-fire, notwithstanding he withheld a similar comfort from our prisoners. This was as it should have been. Inhumanity is not to be avenged by retaliation—it should be doomed by the stern sentence of judicial authority.

The day before his death **Wirz** was steadily engaged in writing. His cell, "No. 9—**Wirz**, H., Captain C. S. A."—was on the third story on the north side of the prison, commanding a view of the Soldiers' Home Cemetery and the West-Side Hospitals. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes it:

> "The walls of the room were purely white with lime-wash. His iron bedstead, with its army blankets, his small deal table, his shelf, and his chair were scrupulously neat. The fire in the grate and the eight-ounce vial of Kentucky whisky on the shelf were cheery and comforted the man, who could not believe himself doomed. He wrote here almost incessantly during the last twenty-four hours of his life, taking stimulants freely, but not to intoxication in the slightest degree, and finished a diary up to this very morning. This is now in the hands of his best friend, Mr. **Schade**."

About two hundred and fifty tickets were issued, and the holders with a few officers comprised the spectators within the yard. The house-tops overlooking the yard and the trees in the vicinity were peopled with many witnesses of the spectacle—of whom no inconsiderable portion were soldiers who desired to see the last of "Andersonville."

The scaffold was erected in a cold corner of the yard, and around it in a hollow square were four companies of soldiers. While waiting for the appearance of the criminal many were the allusions, grim or jocose, made to Andersonville by the spectators.

A short time before his appearance in the yard **Wirz** had an interview with **Dick Winder**. "**Dick**," he said, "I am going, you know. These stories they have circulated about us are false. You will probably be made to suffer for a portion of these crimes they lay to me; but you are no more guilty than I, though just as much. Promise me, if you live, to do all in your power to wipe out this awful stain upon my character. Make my name and character stand as bright before the world as it did when you first knew me. Promise me you will do something to assist my wife." **Winder**, much affected, gave his promise, and they parted.

At a quarter past ten **Wirz** made his appearance, accompanied by Fathers **Boyle** and **Wigget**. His nerves had been supported by a copious draught of whisky before he left his cell, and he met his fate without flinching, which was a hard thing to do in the presence of those soldiers calling out to him to "remember Andersonville." With the two Fathers on either side, preceded and followed by two soldiers, **Wirz** ascended the scaffold and took a chair which was offered him; Father **Boyle** with a gold inlaid ebony cross standing on one side and **Wigget** on the other. While these were offering spiritual advice Major **Russell** read the charges and specifications—the record of his cruelties and the solaces of a divine religion by a strange inconsistency falling upon the culprit's ear at the same time. After the reading of the charges Major **Russell**, turning toward **Wirz**, offered him his hand, saying he commiserated his fate, and deplored that this duty had fallen to his lot. **Wirz** said, "I know what orders are, Major," and shook hands with him, adding, as the Major turned aside, "and I am hung for obeying them." He then shook hands with the priests, and they commenced tying his hands behind his back. He kept on talking to the priests, and when Father **Boyle** urged him to a confession he finally shook his hand, and said, "I am not guilty." They had, by this time, commenced tying his feet, and he turned, and spoke to Father **Wigget**, and, again returning to Father **Boyle**, twice kissed the cross. But his manner seemed to indicate that he was more moved by courtesy and complaisance than by religious fervor. Here **Wirz** again spoke, saying, "I go before my God—the Almighty God—He will judge between us. I am innocent, and I will die like a man." He then turned to Captain **Walbridge**, and said, "Good-by, Captain; I thank you and the other officers of the prison, for you have all treated me well." Again the priest urged confession upon him, and again he shook his head.

At half past ten the cap was drawn and the rope adjusted. Suddenly a spring was touched, the drop fell, and while the struggle with death was still prolonged the dying man doubtless heard the cheers which were rending the air around him. With such shouts as no victory on the battle-field ever elicited from soldiers ringing in his ears did the inhuman jailer take leave of life.

Captain **Wirz**, whose history thus ignominiously terminates, was born in Zurich, Switzerland. He came to this country in 1849, unable to speak English. He went first to Connecticut and thence to Lawrence, Massachusetts, where he was employed in a shawl factory. After remaining there several years he went to Kentucky, where he married. At the outbreak of the war he was a physician on a Louisiana plantation. He enlisted as a private, and was made clerk of the Richmond prisons. Soon after he became Captain and Assistant Adjutant General on General **Winder's** staff. He was wounded at Fair Oaks, was made Provost Marshal of Manchester, Virginia, and finally sent on an inspecting tour of Southern prisons. In 1863 he went to Europe for his health, and on his return was put in charge of Andersonville, Georgia. He admits that his prisoners were brutally treated, but denies that he is the guilty party.

The body of Captain **Wirz** has been buried in the Penitentiary yard, by the side of the conspirators for the murder of **Lincoln**.

The illustrations which we give of **Wirz's** execution are from photographs taken by Mr. **A. Gardner** of Washington, whose courtesies on this as on many former occasions we gratefully acknowledge. These photographs are published by **Philp & Solomons**, of Washington.

## THANK THEM AGAIN!

### THE VOICE OF LOYAL NEW JERSEY AFTER THE ELECTION Nov. 7, 1865.

Thank them again, the brave "boys in blue,"
The tried and proved honest, the faithful and true;
They have rallied to help and to save us again,
Thank them! Oh thank those brave loyal men!

To the polls they are limping with crutch or with cane,
Marked deep on their brows are the furrows of pain;
They've suffered. "No matter, they'll suffer again,"
Oh citizens thank them—those brave loyal men!

Here a right hand is missing or hanging unnerved;
Had he minded the bullet it still might have served;
But it went for his country:—"The left shall go too
For the ballot: I'm maimed; but my heart is yet true."

Thank them again, a new battle is won,
The spots are wiped off from our great central sun;
We now stand erect 'mid the nations of men,
And the *folds* in our flag float for freedom again!

We thanked them when blood and when graves marked the hours:
When tears, like the bullets, were falling in showers;
But we miss the dark mingling of sorrow to-night,
For the battle was bloodless; the triumph of right.

Let us not waste in air all the thanks we would give;
For soldiers are men, and like us they must live:
By good deeds let us show that our thanking is meant:
By *doing*, now prove our true grateful intent.

Set them up on the watch-towers we raise in the land;
Give them places of trust, where they're worthy to stand:
Think not that the least and the lowest will do,
For one returned soldier or maimed boy in blue.

Don't say, now he's wounded, he's worth less to you;
His one hand, oh merchant! is worth more than two;
The one that is gone brought you blessings untold,
Saved your home and kept open the channels of gold.

Let us thank them again when we pass through the street,
Prefer them when questions of interest shall meet;
For us they have wasted their comforts and health,
And blasted forever their prospects of wealth.

Then we'll thank them again, who our battles have fought;
Nor forget the high service their sufferings have wrought:
We'll commend them to One who in justice is true,
And thank by our deeds the brave "boys in blue."

# HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

## CHAPTER LXXII

### WHAT TO DO NEXT.

There are some emergencies in which men must and can only turn to their own thoughts for guidance—emergencies in which the least experienced are better able to help themselves than others are to help them; in which the wisest counsel from without is of less value than that counsel which comes from within. Such was Saxon's position when he made the cruel discovery of his cousin's baseness. He was stunned—crushed—bewildered. He neither knew how to act nor what to think. A change and a shadow seemed all at once to have come over the face of the heavens. That simple faith in his fellow-man which had made wealth so pleasant, life so sweet, the present so sunny, and the future so fair, was shaken suddenly to its foundations. He felt like one who is overtaken by an earthquake. Where his home stood but a moment before there is now a heap of fallen masonry. Where his garden lay, all bright with trees and flowers, there is now but a yawning chasm. He dreads to move, to stand still, to go backward or forward, lest the ground should open and swallow him. There is nothing before him, nothing behind him, but ruin.

As he had told Castletowers in the first outbreak of his trouble, it was not, indeed, "the money" that he lamented. He would have given more than he had lost to believe again in William Trefalden, and know him for "a good man and true." It was not the money. He scarcely thought of it. He was rich without it. Perhaps—for he was beginning to loathe the wealth which had wrought all this evil—he should have been richer still if he had never possessed it. No—it was that he had, in his simple, manly, hearty way, truly loved his cousin—loved him, looked up to him, trusted him implicitly. It was that he had been, all along, the mere blind victim of a gigantic fraud, deliberately planned, mercilessly carried forward, callously consummated. This was the blow. This was the wrong. This was "the pity of it!"

He had to bear it, to fight through it, to think it out for himself. He had, above all, to consider what he should do next. That was the great problem—what to do next.

For he was determined not to have recourse to the law. He had made up his mind to that from the first. The money might go—was gone, probably. At all events, he would never foul the Trefalden name in a public court, or drag the man whom he had called by the sacred name of "friend" before a public tribunal. At the same time, however, might it not yet be possible to recover some portion of the money? William Trefalden believed him to be in Norway, and, doubtless calculated on the three months which Saxon had laid out for his northern trip. Was it not, at all events, possible that the lawyer had not yet taken flight?

The more Saxon thought about it the more he became convinced that his wisest course would be to hasten back to London, confront his cousin, and wrest from him whatever might yet be recoverable of the stolen millions. There were great improbabilities in the way; but even in the face of these improbabilities the effort was worth making.

And then there was the Castletowers mortgage— But Saxon had already considered how that difficulty might be met.

Poor young fellow! He lay awake all night turning these things over in his mind; and in the morning, as soon as Alexandria was awake and stirring, he went down without even knocking at Lord Castletowers's door as he passed by, and out into the streets.

When he came back to breakfast his face wore a bright look of decision and purpose.

"I have been down to the landing-place, Castletowers," he said, "looking after the *Albula*, and making some inquiries of the people about the quays. I think I ought to give up this Mediterranean tour and go back to England."

"I am sure of it," replied the Earl. "I was about to suggest it to you myself if you had not proposed it."

"And 'if 'twere well 'twere done,'" said Saxon, "''twere well 'twere done quickly.'"

"You will go by steamer, of course?"

"I would if I could; but the French mail left yesterday, and the Overland packet will not be due till next week; so the best and only thing to be done is to stick to the yacht for the present. The wind is direct in our favor; the *Albula* will skim along like a gull; and by pushing forward at once to Malta we may catch one of the Italian boats. At all events we shall not be standing still; and even to be moving is something, when one is so intolerably restless."

"I am ready to start with you this very moment," said the Earl.

"Thank you," replied Saxon, with a sigh. "You must come back here, you know, when you have got rid of me, and go on to Cairo and the Pyramids, as we had intended before this happened."

"Without you?"

"Why not? I shall, of course, leave the yacht in your charge."

The Earl shook his head.

"No, no, Trefalden," he said. "The yacht can be sent home in the care of the master; but you and I must certainly not part company, unless you feel you had rather be without me."

"That's impossible; but—"

"But me no buts. Solitary traveling has no charm for me. If you reject my society I shall simply go home to Castletowers as fast as I can."

So it was agreed that the friends should embark without an hour's delay, making direct for the nearest port in which a Marseilles steamer was likely to be found.

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

### HOMEWARD-BOUND.

That fate is always adverse to a man in haste, that nothing important in this world is ever to be had at the precise moment when it is most needed; that the train is certain to be half an hour late, or the watch ten minutes slow, when every moment is more precious than gold, and one's whole being seems to be concentrated on the one act of pushing forward—are facts which call for no evidence beyond that which comes within the circle of each man's experience.

In obedience, then, to what may be called the Law of Hindrances, the *Albula* just missed the steamer at Valetta by an hour and three quarters. Being told, however, that by running before the wind to Messina, without delay, they would be certain to catch the French mail steam-packet for Marseilles direct, the travelers crowded all sail, and went on. Arrived at Messina, they learned that their boat had started at noon, and would not be due again till that day week. There was now nothing for it but to go on to Naples.

They then landed their Sicilian surgeon, whose services were no longer needed, and again put to sea.

But the wind was no longer directly in their favor, and their progress was consequently so much the slower. Tacking laboriously along the Calabrian coast, they beheld all that wondrous panorama unfold itself before them as they passed. Pœstum, Amalfi, Salerno, Vesuvius, and, at last, the glorious bay, with its sentinel islets lying out to sea.

They landed at the Molo Grande. The white flag of the Bourbon was flying from the twin castles down beside the quays, from the arsenal, and from the mast-heads of the steam-frigates in the harbor. There, pacing to and fro upon the pier, were the Neapolitan sentries, with their white cross-belts—those same cross-belts at which Saxon and Castletowers fired so many shots at Melazzo.

They soon found that the boat which they had missed at Messina was, above all others, the one which they should have taken. No other went to Marseilles direct, and no other would go at all for at least forty-eight hours from the time of their arrival in the harbor. It was now Thursday morning, and the order of departure was as follows: there was the boat of the Messageries Imperiales, which left Naples every Tuesday, at five P.M.; there was the boat of the Two Sicilies Mail Steam Navigation Company, which went every Wednesday at the same hour; and there were two boats every Saturday, besides the chance of a merchant steamer, which had no fixed dates for departure, but was expected to be ready about that time. But every one of these packets, without exception, touched at Civita Vecchia, and some touched not only at Civita Vecchia, but also at Genoa and Leghorn.

In short, they could not possibly get off before Saturday at noon, and even then must suffer loss of time by putting in at the Papal port by the way.

However, there was no help for it. Wait one whole day and part of two others they must; so they determined to make the delay as pleasant as possible, and the Earl undertook to show Saxon all that could be seen of Naples in the time.

How they rattled down to Pompeii by rail; dined on the Chiaja; heard the "Barbière" at the San Carlo; supped in the open air on the terrace of the Albergo della Villa di Roma; ate mattoni ices and macaroni to their hearts' content; and wandered on the Molo, watching the red glow above Vesuvius long after those hours at which more reasonable travelers are in their beds—needs no recapitulation here.

To a stranger the fair city seemed all careless security, all mirth, all holiday. Who that knew not every inflection of the popular voice, every flash of the popular humor, could have guessed that there was revolt at the heart of that shouting, laughing, noisy crowd? Who would have dreamed that the preacher holding forth in the Largo del Mercato was only kept from preaching the "movimento" by the sight of those cross-belts scattered, as if by chance, among the crowd? Or that the Canta Storia on the Molo, chanting his monotonous stanzas to an eager circle of boatmen and lazaroni, was ready to substitute the name of Garibaldi for that of Rinaldo whenever the sentry was out of hearing? Who would have supposed that in every coffee-shop and trattoria, round every lemonade and macaroni stall, in front of every mountebank's platform, and in the porch of every church, the one prevailing, absorbing topic on every lip was the advance of the national army?

Yet so it was. Garibaldi had crossed from Sicily and landed in Calabria only a few days before, and all Naples was boiling over with hope and exultation. The wildest tales, the most extravagant anticipations were afloat. Every man whispered "Viva Garibaldi!" in his neighbor's ear; but none had yet dared to give voice to the popular watchword. In the mean while an irrepressible under-current of revolutionary propagandism was beginning to agitate the surface of Neapolitan life. Though not yet apparent to the casual observer, this disposition was perfectly understood by the Neapolitan authorities, who were doing all in their power to keep it down by means of the strong hand. The guns of St. Elmo, the Castel Nuovo, and the Castel dell' Ovo were pointed ominously upon the town. Small bodies of military were constantly perambulating the principal thoroughfares, mingling in every crowd, and loitering about the places of popular resort. Above all, the little theatre San Carlino, in the Largo del Castello, was shut up. Saxon and Castletowers had gone down there, on their way to the opera, intending to pay a visit to Pulichinello; but they found the doors closed and a sentry pacing before them. That witty and patriotic puppet had fallen a victim to his political opinions, and was now a state prisoner in his own little theatre.

Such was the condition of Naples when Saxon made his first acquaintance with the beautiful city. The king was still at the Palazzo Reale; the people were in a ferment; and Garibaldi was on the march.

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

### COLONNA'S HAND.

They were going up Vesuvius!

Happy youth, which can forget its cares so easily, and float with every tide! Here were two young men snatching a hasty breakfast on the terrace in front of their hotel, while the carriage which was to convey them to Resina waited at the door. They had risen with the sun; they were in high spirits; they talked more than they ate, and laughed more than either. Who would have supposed that the one had been robbed of half his fortune, and the other rejected by the lady of his love? Who would have supposed that each had a real sorrow at heart? And, above all, who would not covet that healthy elasticity of temper which enabled them to put their troubles aside, and make the best of the sunshiny present?

"Confound the arm!" said the Earl. "I don't know how I am to get up the cone without the help of it!"

"You must be carried," replied Saxon, vigorously attacking a fragrant "bifteck," surrounded by a golden fence of "pommes de terre frites." "It's expensive and ignominious; but I can suggest something better."

"Consent to become a parcel!" exclaimed the Earl. "Never. Am I not a man and a biped?"

"Men and bipeds must occasionally do what they don't like, I presume, as well as women and quadrupeds," replied Saxon.

"There is one consolatory fact, of which I am quite certain," replied the Earl; "and that is, that men and bipeds have the best of the bargain—at all events, in this world."

"Not a doubt of it. What splendid stuff this Lachryma is!"

"There's a poor wretch down there, however, who looks as if his worldly bargain had been bad enough!" said the Earl, tossing a handful of carlini to a beggar who had been mumbling and bowing in the road below, ever since the young men had sat down to breakfast.

The waiter in attendance shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Son' tutti ladroni, signore," said he. "Tutti—tutti!"

The beggar picked up the coins with a great show of gratitude, and called upon a variety of saints to shower down blessings on the giver.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Saxon, setting down the glass which he had just raised to his lips.

The Earl looked up in surprise.

"Why, my good fellow," said he, "what is the matter with you? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

But instead of replying Saxon turned to the waiter.

"Bring me a cup of strong coffee," he said. "Bring it immediately."

The waiter withdrew. Saxon at once laid his hand on his friend's arm, leaned closer to him, and said in a hurried whisper:

"It's Signor Montecuculi—that Montecuculi whom I saw once at Castletowers!"

"Montecuculi! Where? What do you mean?"

"There—the beggar yonder—don't you see? He has something to say to us!"

"But are you certain?"

"Certain. I saw his face quite plainly. Ha! What's this?"

The beggar had withdrawn a little into the shade of the road-side trees; but a stone came whirring through the air, and crashed down, as Saxon spoke, into the midst of the breakfast-table. There was a paper twisted about it which the Earl had barely time to secure before the waiter came back. As soon as that functionary could be again dismissed the young men hastened to examine it.

"Colonna's hand!" exclaimed the Earl as his eyes fell on the writing.

There were but three or four lines, and they ran thus:

"*In great peril. Concealed near the coast. Enemies on the alert. Bring a sailing boat. Anchor off shore, in a line with the ruins of Cumæ. Be prepared with row-boat, and look out for signals about dusk.*"

"How lucky that we were detained here!" was Saxon's first exclamation.

"We must not think of Vesuvius now," said the Earl.

"Of course not!"

"We can say that we have changed our minds, and prefer a day on the water. It will be easy to cruise about the coast in that direction, fishing or sketching."

"Nothing easier."

"And we'll get him off somehow!"

"That we will, in spite of Francesco Secondo!"

## CHAPTER LXXV.

### ORTHODOX BRITISH TOURISTS.

THE *Albula* coasted ostentatiously about the bay all the forenoon, but shortly after mid-day rounded Monte Procida, and cast anchor at the point indicated in Colonna's note.

Her crew was now strengthened by the addition of a small, active, swarthy Italian sailor, with gold rings in his ears, and a scarlet cap upon his head. He was an "odd hand," whom Saxon had, apparently, picked up upon the quay; and he had not been on board five minutes before he betrayed his utter incapacity to handle a rope. This sailor was Montecuculi.

Himself proscribed and in hourly peril of recognition, he had been for three days vainly trying to get Colonna off from his hiding-place at Cumæ. Finding it impossible, in consequence of the vigilance of the harbor police, to make the attempt by sea, he was in the act of organizing an armed expedition by land when he heard that an English yacht had just come into port. Going down himself after dark, he found, to his great joy, that the *Albula* was Saxon Trefalden's property, and that Lord Castletowers was with him at the Hotel Gran' Bretagna.

"I tried to see you last evening," said he, as they leaned, chatting, over the side of the vessel; "but though I heard of you at many places, I could find you at none. This morning, however, I was determined not to be baffled; so I have been hanging about the Chiaja ever since daybreak."

"It was an act of great imprudence on Colonna's part to venture over to the main land before Garibaldi was in Naples," said the Earl.

"Imprudence! It was madness. Nothing less. I have been in Naples myself for the last three weeks, attending the meetings of our secret societies, and distributing the Dictator's proclamations; but then I am known only to our own people, and there is no price upon my head. I heard some days ago that Colonna had been seen at Gaeta; but I did not believe it."

"At Gaeta!" repeated the Earl. "Nay, what could he expect, save danger, in a royalist stronghold like Gaeta?"

"What indeed! Ma che volete? He has been running his head into the lion's mouth all his life."

"Heaven grant that he may not have done so once too often!"

"Were it not that no hand on earth could imitate his writing," said Montecuculi, "I should have suspected a trap; but of the genuineness of his note there can be no doubt."

"How did it reach you?" asked the Earl.

"It was left for me, somewhat mysteriously, at the little trattoria where I dine. The messenger was a boy whom nobody knew, and he merely gave it in without a word, and ran away."

"But what was Signor Colonna doing at Gaeta?" asked Saxon.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"Garibaldi has only to enter Naples by one gate for Francesco to walk out by the other," replied he; "and Gaeta gave shelter to the Pope ten years ago. It is a difficult place to deal with, and, of course, if it *could* be gained over beforehand, our position would be materially strengthened. But Colonna was not the man for such an expedition. A less precious life should have been hazarded."

"I wonder where he is now!" said the Earl, taking an anxious survey of the coast through his glass.

"I think I can guess," replied Montecuculi. "You see that volcanic hill lying back yonder from the shore? That is the Acropolis of Cumæ; and a regiment might find hiding room in the mysterious caves and passages with which it is perforated in every direction."

"I think I can see them," exclaimed Saxon. "They look like rabbit-burrows."

"There are hundreds of them—all hewn in the solid tufa. They were ancient beyond all record in the time of Virgil; and no one knows whither they lead, or by what hands they were excavated."

It was now proposed that Saxon and Castletowers should land on pretext of sketching, leaving the *Albula* at anchor about half a mile from shore. They put off accordingly in the small boat, taking Saxon's English sailor with them, and leaving Montecuculi on board the yacht.

The shore was flat and marshy, fringed with tall reeds, and scattered over with fragments of very ancient masonry. Among these reeds they moored their boat, and, landing, found themselves face to face with a Neapolitan sentry.

Up till this moment no human creature had been visible along the lonely coast. Scanning it carefully from the deck of the *Albula*, and detecting no sign of life for miles on either side, they had said to each other that nothing would be easier than to bring off the fugitive in open day; yet no sooner had they set foot upon the sand than their friend's danger stood bodily before them in the shape of an armed sentinel.

The man neither challenged them nor opposed their landing; but stood by, leaning on his musket, quiet and observant. Saxon and Castletowers, on the other hand, with an air of the utmost unconcern, lit their cigars, and began looking about for a favorable point of view.

Presently the Earl went up to the sentry, and addressed him.

"Scusate, amico," said he, "but what hill is that yonder?"

"È la rocca di Cumæ, signore," replied the soldier.

"Cumæ?" repeated the Earl.

"Si, signore. Cumæ antico."

"Grazie molte," said Castletowers, and immediately pulled a book from his pocket, and began reading. The book was Childe Harold; but the last edition of Murray could not have answered his purpose better. The sentry concluded it was a guide-book, set down the newcomers as inoffensive tourists, and took no further notice of them.

They then wandered a little way up the shore till they came to a clump of pines, in the shade of which they sat down. Here Saxon, who was in truth no artist, proceeded to make a sketch.

Presently another sentry made his appearance. Like the first, he seemed to rise out of the very earth, and yet made no show of watchfulness. Having paced slowly past the pine-clump twice or thrice, he withdrew to a point of rising ground about a quarter of a mile distant, and there took up his position.

"Trefalden," said the Earl, "we are watched."

"Evidently."

"What is to be done?"

"Heaven knows!"

"It is my belief that the place swarms with soldiers."

"And I feel as if the very air were full of eyes and ears."

"Poor Colonna!"

Then, for a few moments, they were both silent.

"I'll tell you what I think we must do, Castletowers," said Saxon. "Seem to sail away, and then come back again at dusk."

Despite his anxiety, the Earl could not forbear a smile.

"Decidedly, my friend," said he, "you have no genius for intrigue."

"Isn't my plan a good one?"

"It is the most artless artifice that ever oozed from an honest brain. No, no. We must do something much more cunning than that."

"Then I fear you will have to invent it."

"I think I have done so already. You must go on sketching for a few hours longer. We must then pretend to be hungry—"

"No need for pretense on my part," said Saxon. "I am frightfully hungry now."

"You will have to fast for some time, then, because it is my object to prolong our stay here till dusk; and, in order to do that, we must drive off the dinner question to the last moment. Having done this we will go up boldly to one of the sentries, inquire our way to the nearest inn, and get something to eat. By the time we have dined it will be dusk. Colonna will then only have to steal down to the shore and hide himself in our boat; and the object for which we are here will be triumphantly accomplished."

"It seems to me," said Saxon, "that we should have done better had we followed Colonna's own instructions more closely, and not come till after sunset."

The Earl shook his head.

"Our only course," he replied, "was to land openly—to sketch, and idle, and play the orthodox British tourist. By doing this we disarm suspicion; by stealing along the coast after sunset we should infallibly have aroused the suspicions of every royalist within half-a-dozen miles of the place."

"I dare say you are right," said Saxon; "but in the mean while I am starving."

"I fear you must continue to starve for the present."

"Then I beg you to understand that I decline to sit still under the treatment. Suppose we go over the ruins."

"Will you not finish your sketch first?"

"My sketch!" ejaculated Saxon, contemptuously. "Pshaw! my sketches are the most unsatisfactory daubs in the world. The more I finish them the worse they get. If I had put this down half an hour ago it would have been ever so much better than it is now."

The Earl still hesitated. Not knowing where Colonna might be hidden, he doubted whether they ought to go up to the ruins or not. At last they decided that orthodox British tourists would be certain to see all that could be seen; and so went across the broiling plain and up to the foot of the Cumæan Mount. Arrived, however, at the Arco Felice, they were met by a third sentry, who interposed his bayonet somewhat unceremoniously between them and the gate. The ruins, he said, were closed to the public, and could only be seen by order of the Royal Chamberlain.

They tried expostulation, they tried bribery; but in vain. The man was immovable. So Saxon had to make another sketch, and then another, to pass the time away.

At length the day began to decline, and the Earl judged that they might proceed to the second step in their plan. So they went back to the sentinel at the Arco Felice, and inquired if he knew where they might purchase something to eat.

The soldier shrugged his shoulders, and believed there was no albergo nearer than Patria.

"How far are we from Patria?" asked the Earl.

"About eight miles."

"Eight miles! But, amico, we have not eaten since breakfast—we are starving. Is there no farm-house near at hand?"

"Oh, sicuro. There is a podere about a quarter of an hour hence."

"In which direction?"

"Following the coast-road toward Liternum."

"A thousand thanks. Good-evening, amico."

"Buona sera, signore."

With this the young men turned away, and hastened in the direction indicated.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEVADA.—1. *What are the geographic boundaries of Manhattan Island? 2. What is the derivation of the name?*—1. The island is bounded on the north by a large, high bridge; on the south by the residence of the Governor; on the east and west by piers and ferry landings; overhead by Trinity Church steeple, and underneath by the Croton Aqueduct. The island lies in latitude 212 degrees, Fahrenheit; longitude, A.D. 1865.—2. The island was originally peopled by Quakers from Pennsylvania. This explains its name, "Manhattan," which is an Indian contraction for "Man-with-his-hat-on;" at least such is the tradition.

LS RYEIR.—This correspondent complains that he invariably oversleeps himself, and asks us to prescribe a remedy.—Retire at nine P.M., and drink a cup of gruel made with a tea-spoonful of Hecker's *self-rising* flour. It will operate between five and six o'clock the next morning.

TROUBADOUR.—This correspondent says: "I have fallen desperately in love with a beautiful girl, who, as I believe, returns my affection, and whom I desire above all things to marry, but do not know the proper steps I should take. Can you advise me how to proceed?"—These circumstances present what is known in law as a case of *attachment;* and your remedy is by a *suit*, according to the forms prescribed by the common law, which are very ancient. Your first step is to draw up and serve a *declaration*. You may employ a *solicitor;* but the law entitles you to appear and plead in person; in other words, to do your own soliciting; and this course will give you the best chance of success. *Vide Longf. Repr. Re Miles Standish.* Your declaration having been put in, you await the *answer* of the respondent, which may either deny your claims or confess and avoid them. You will then proceed *to court;* and should now put yourself—with the respondent, of course—*upon the country;* in other words, try the effect of a few rural excursions. After the requisite interlocutory proceedings, *judgment* will undoubtedly go in your favor, and may be executed by any magistrate or clergyman.

E LECTOR.—"I am a lawful voter of this city, but was not registered prior to the last election, owing to the stupid neglect of the proper officer to call at my boarding-house for the name; and in consequence my vote was refused on election day. How can I now deposit it?"—Inclose it in a self-sealing envelope, seal it, address it to the Board of State Canvassers, Albany, and deposit it in the Post-office. It will reach them the next day. It should be prepaid; and you are entitled to charge the postage to the State, and deduct it from your next tax bill.

COLENSO.—"Is there not plainly an error in Scripture where Timothy says that he has served God 'from my four fathers?' How can he possibly have had four fathers?"—He may have had an own father, step-father, grandfather, and father-in-law. Your question, like those of more pretentious skeptics, shows the ignorance of its author, not the fallibility of Scripture.

CURIOSUS.—No. You have been misinformed. None of the Messrs. Harper took lessons of Aptommas.

THE LAST THING IN LUCIFER MATCHES.—There is an ingenious safety match, now in general use, which will light only on the box, and not always on that. We hear that it is to be superseded by a new invention which will not light at all. The latter is especially intended for the use of nurseries, powder magazines, and asylums.

A temperance lecturer, descanting on the essential and purifying qualities of cold water, remarked, as a knock-down argument: "When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a toper, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the earth."

REUBEN. "Mayn't I see you hum from meetin', Eunice?"

EUNICE. "No, you sha'n't do no such thing. I'm otherwise engaged."

REUBEN. "Wa'al, I kinder guess you've missed it once. I've got my pockets chuck full o' gingerbread and arm-muns."

EUNICE. "You may take my arm, Reuben."

Little Sidney, seeing a man with a heavy beard, asked, anxiously, "Mamma, when I am a bid man will the whiskers drow over my mouf so that I can't tiss?"

A gentleman, having put out a candle by accident one night, ordered his waiting-man (who was a simple being) to light it again in the kitchen. "But take care, John," added he, "that you do not hit yourself against any thing in the dark." Mindful of the caution, John stretched out both his arms at full length before him; but unluckily a door, which stood half-open, passed between his hands and struck him a woeful blow upon the nose. "Dickens!" muttered he, when he recovered his senses a little, "I always heard that I had a plaguy long nose, but I vow I never should have thought before that it was *longer than my arm!*"

The way of life—Broadway.

### TABLE DISHES.

What dish may you always conclude to have been stolen, no matter on whose table you meet it?—Poached eggs.

Which is the silliest you can put on the table?—Gooseberry-fool.

Which is the merriest?—Caper sauce.

Which is the quickest?—Hasty pudding.

And which is the coolest?—Ice cream.

And which may you suppose the cook to have prepared in a regular bad temper?—Whipped cream.

Which dish is named after one of the fathers of the human race?—Ham.

And which after a country in Europe?—Turkey.

Bassompterre, the French Embassador to Spain, was telling Henri Quatre how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the smallest mule in the world." "Ah," said Henri, "what an amusing sight—the biggest ass on the smallest mule!" "I was your Majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

A lady, playfully condemning the wearing of whiskers and mustaches, declared: "It is one of the fashions I invariably *set my face against.*"

Why is Chang the laziest man in the world?—Because, on account of his height, he lies the longest in bed.

Seasonable clothes—Pepper and salt.

Pride goes before a (water) fall.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day during a conversation about the old Saints and the Apostles. "Ah! he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience' sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

The way in which words are often divided when set to music sometimes produces a rather ludicrous effect. A stranger was once surprised on hearing a congregation, mostly of women, crying out

"Oh for a man!
Oh for a man!
Oh for a man—sion in the skies!"

While on another occasion a choir sang to the best of their ability:

"We'll catch the flee!
We'll catch the flee!
We'll catch the flee—ting hours!"

It is hoped nobody was bitten.

"Vat you call dem tings vit long bills zat fly and make a noise—b-z-z-z?" said a Frenchman the other day.

"Woodcock," we replied.

"Eh bien? I kill zis morning, before mine breakfast, twenty-five woodcock."

"The deuce you did! Where did you find them?"

"In mine chamber bed."

"Twenty-five woodcock in your bed-chamber! You must mean mosquitoes."

"Eh bien, zen. I kill twenty-five mosquitoes."

Josh Billings says that "if a man professes to serve the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures onions as well as when he hollers glory halleluyer.

If the wife of a Japanese don't suit him, he can send her back to her parents and try again. That is to say, all wives are "warranted" in Japan.

SHOCKING IMMORALITY.—How often do we hear of people *lying* at the point of death.

Tooth-drawing is an operation that should be performed with *screw-pull-ous* (scrupulous) care.

In an Eastern village when the plate was being passed in church, a newly-appointed editer said to the collector: "Go on, I'm a dead-head—I've got a pass."

At a *soirée* the other evening one gentleman pointed out a dandified looking individual to his friend as a sculptor. "What!" said his friend, "such a looking chap as that a sculptor? Surely you must be mistaken." "He may not be the kind of one you may mean," said the informant, "but I know that he *chizzled* a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

At a recent masked-ball in Norwich a young lady was completely dressed in newspapers. She made a good "impression."

A gentleman was once arguing with a lady, when at length he stopped. "I tell you what, ma'am," said he, "I'll not argue with you any longer; you're not open to conviction." "Not open to conviction, Sir?" was the indignant reply; "I scorn the imputation, Sir; I am open to conviction. But," she added, after a moment's pause, "show me the man who can convince me."

Brown is a married man now. A few days since he thought of taking a trip to Paris. One of his friends meeting him in the street inquired, "Well, Brown, my boy, when are you off?" "Next week." "Going to take your wife with you?" "No; it is a voyage of pleasure."

General Mowrie, after struggling through a Carolina cypress swamp for several days, asked a long, lank, butternut-dyed native boy how far it was to *terra firma*. "I hain't heern o' no such place about yer," was the cheering reply.

### NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

"A CHIEFTAIN TO THE HIGHLANDS *bound*."—Prometheus.

Pittsburg is a queer place. The other day three men went into a lager-beer saloon, and two commenced catching all the flies therein, while the third ate the insects as fast as caught, on a bet that he could eat them quicker than his companions could catch them.

The young woman who was "driven to distraction" now fears that she will have to walk back.

A robust countryman meeting a physician one day ran to hide behind a wall. On being asked the cause he replied, "It is so long since I have been sick that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

"Honesty is the best policy," said a Scotchman. "I know it, my friend," said another, "*for I have tried baith.*"

An Irish witness in a court of justice being asked what kind of "ear-marks" the hog in question had, replied, "He had no particular ear-marks except a very short tail."

A hatter advertises that his hats fit so easily upon the head that the wearers scarcely feel them. Unquestionably the best hats are not *felt*.

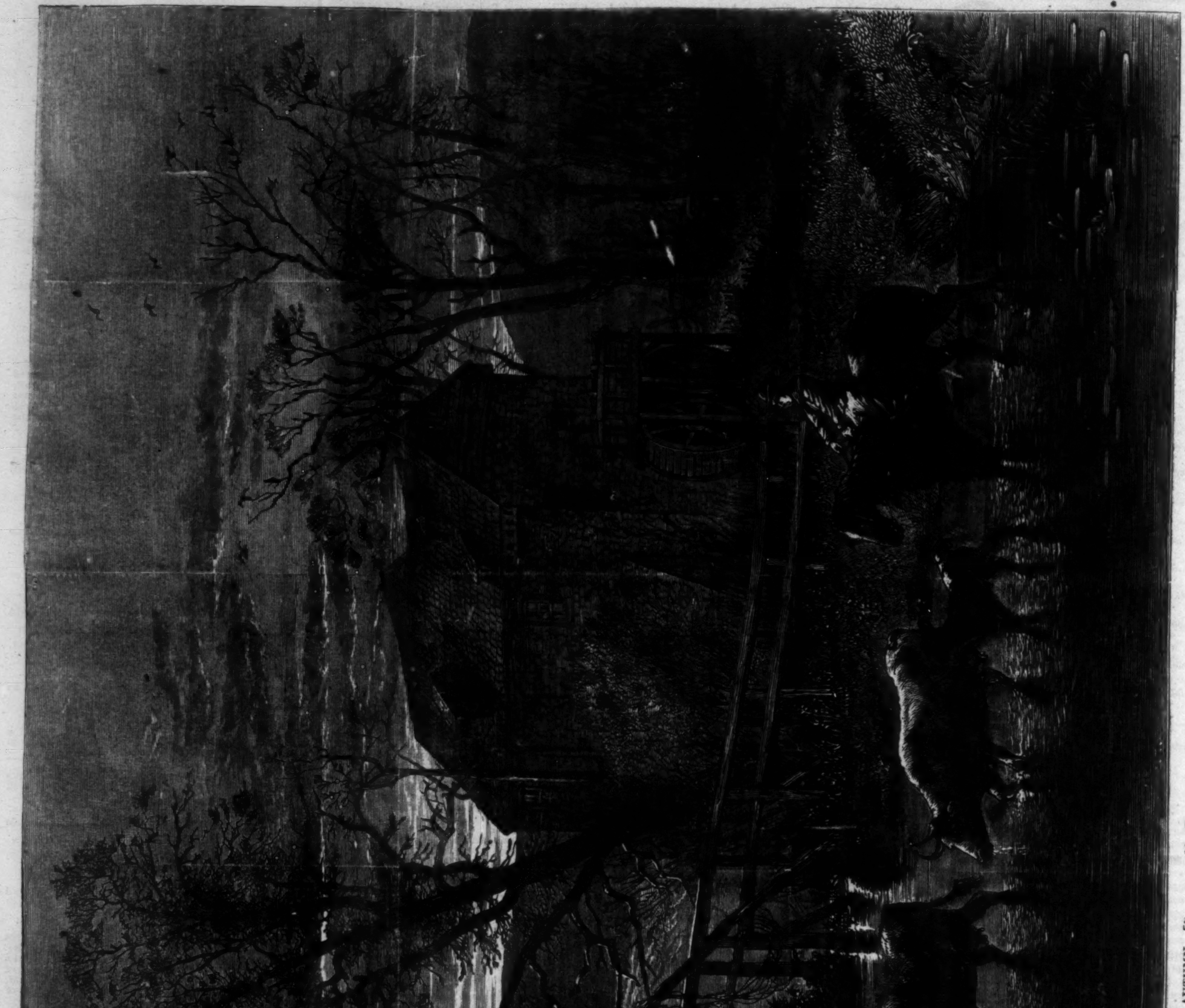
A BARE ASSERTION—The naked truth.

Why are lawyers and doctors safe people by whom to take example?—Because they always practice their professions.

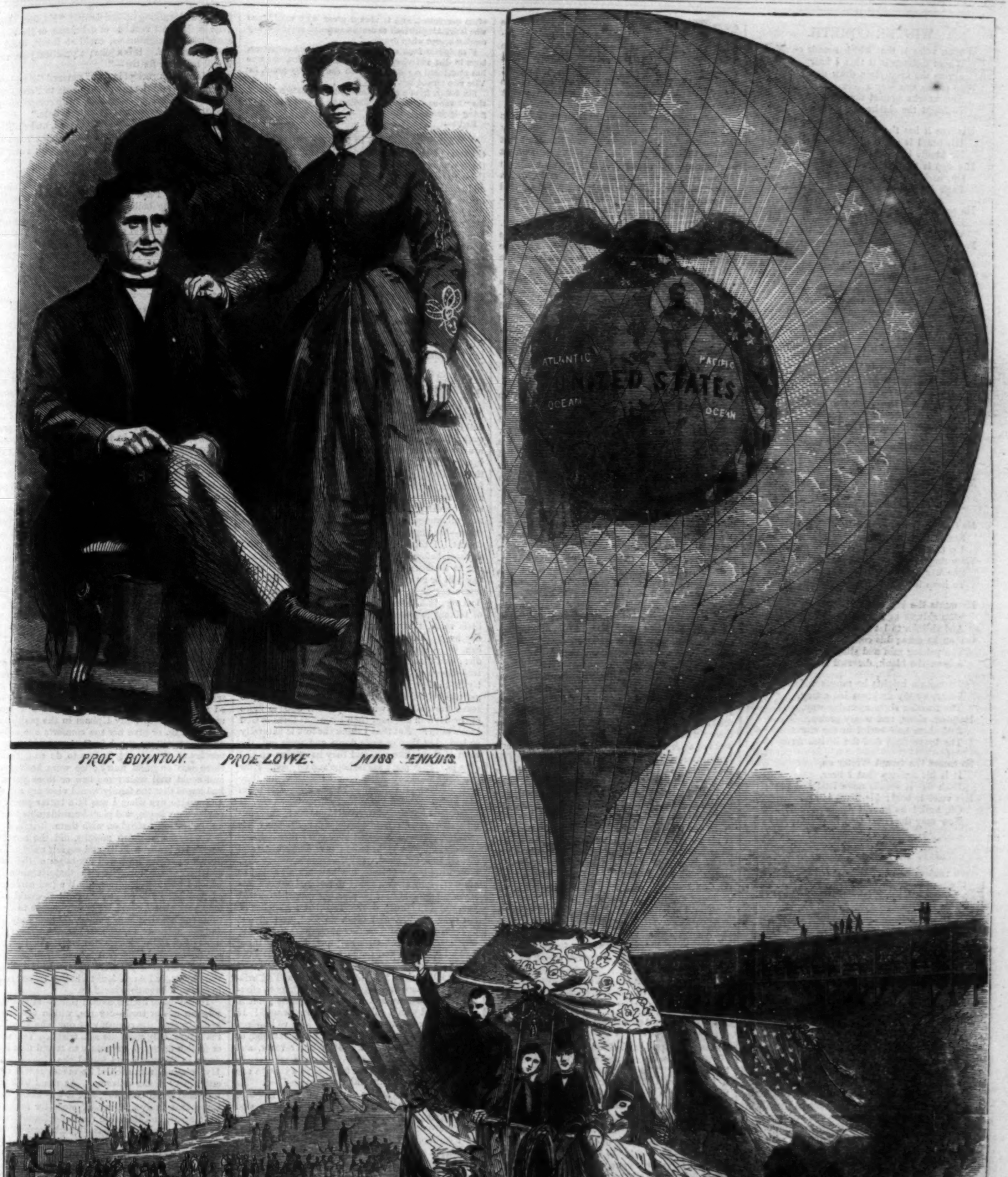
Tennyson speaks of "the angel of the rainbow." That angel must be an arch-angel.

Why talk about not sleeping a wink when people in their sleep never wink?

Preachers profess to teach people how to live. Culprits on the scaffold would like to learn.


Edwin Forbes del. N.Y.

AUTUMN.—[Drawn by Mr. Edwin Forbes.]


PROF. BOYNTON.
PROF. LOWE.
MISS JENKINS.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
UNITED STATES
PACIFIC OCEAN

THE BALLOON BRIDAL PARTY STARTING ON ITS AERIAL TOUR FROM PROF. LOWE'S AMPHITHEATRE, CENTRAL PARK, November 8, 1865.
Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 746.]

## WINTER COMETH.

Whose voice is that which sounds outside?
Whose footstep is it that I hear
Across the open plain draw near?
Who comes this way at break of day,
And knocks against the cabin-door
To fright the children of the poor?

His face it has the look of death;
His beard is white with frost and snow
No kindly beam his dull eyes know;
His step is bold; his breath is cold—
Oh, hark! it is his tread I hear,
Each day it sounds more loud and near.

He pauses not beside the way,
But like a conquering hero comes,
With gathering sound of muffled drums;
From yonder height at dead of night,
When all besides is hushed and still,
His clarion tones the wide air fill.

In icy fetters strong as steel
He chains the torrent in its course
That through the chasm thunders hoarse;
Beneath his look the meadow brook,
Which babbled on through weeds and grass,
Grows on a sudden smooth as glass.

The stately palace windows shine
With pleasant warmth and brilliant light
To charm away the gloom of night;
And guests are there, the rich and fair,
Who to and fro on joyous feet
Move to soft strains of music sweet.

He enters not, but straightway goes
On to the hovel, damp and low,
Where shines no fire-light's cheerful glow;
The old man groans; the mother moans;
The infant opens wide its eye,
And gives a low and piteous cry.

He threads the city's heartless streets;
See where yon lonely taper burns,
Up the steep flight of stairs he turns;
With fingers worn, around her form,
She wraps the coarse shawl, torn and old,
To keep her from the bitter cold.

He meets the beggar in his path,
Who shivers as the foe draws nigh,
And shrinks to let the tyrant by;
On, on he goes; his cold breath blows
The pelting rain and stinging sleet
Adown the blank, deserted street.

On mountain heights he ranges wide;
There, by the darkness led astray,
The traveler sinks upon his way,
Helpless, alone, and weary grown,
And there half buried in the storm
The brave dogs find the lifeless form.

So comes the tyrant Winter on,
It is his footstep that I hear,
Each day it sounds more loud and near;
His voice is bold; his touch is cold;
Oh, hark! he knocks against the door:
Now may the Great God help the poor!

## THE BALLOON BRIDAL.

Our readers will find on page 745 some interesting illustrations of the bridal trip above the clouds, made by Dr. John F. Boynton and his newly-married wife in Professor Lowe's balloon, November 8. It was an occasion that had been much talked of and long deferred, and it attracted to Central Park a large concourse of spectators. The marriage took place at the Fifth Avenue Hotel before the departure of the bridal party for Central Park. The bride's maiden name was Miss Mary West Jenkins. We give a group of portraits, including those of Dr. Boynton, his bride, and Professor Lowe. Miss Jenkins, the bride, was born in Northampton, Virginia, and is twenty-two years of age. When an infant she was made an orphan, and was adopted by Mrs. J. L. West, of St. Louis. She was educated at Monticello Seminary, Illinois, and displayed great ability in drawing and music. She has a fresh and clear complexion, hazel eyes, and in figure is tall and commanding. Of course the bridal outfit was peculiar, to suit the exigencies of the occasion. The usual gauze and tarletan were displaced by a dress of the richest poplin, of the tint known as ashes of roses, trimmed with rich velvet, somewhat darker in color, with a silk hat of the same shade, and gloves to match.

The bridegroom, Dr. John F. Boynton, is from Syracuse, and has been known for some years as an able lecturer on geology. He was graduated at a medical institution, but is rather known as a geologist and practical surveyor, having served the Government frequently in this latter capacity.

At the time of the arrival of the bridal party not less than six thousand persons were present within the inclosure. The party in the balloon consisted of only four—the married couple, a sister of the bridegroom, and Professor Lowe.

The bridal car was composed of wicker-work, through which were interlaced the iron wires, to the hooks of which the ropes of the balloon were attached. Its dimensions were six feet long by four and a half feet wide and two and a half feet deep. The bottom of the car was carpeted, while a cushioned seat, covered with rich green flowered satin, stretched round it, and was padded up to the edge. The cords from the concentrating ring were of alternately red, white, and blue silk, wound round with colored cords and strapped with velvet. These cords were crossed by silken twisted ropes of red and green, thus making a net-work which combined great beauty with considerable strength. On the top a canopy of blue and silver damask covered the car, and reached to within about six feet of the bottom, from which point handsome lace curtains were hung, the whole surrounded by the Stars and Stripes. These curtains were gathered together at the corners by silken cords and tassels of Union colors. The car itself was draped with heavy folds of crimson and gold damask, which contrasted admirably with the other decorations. On one side a space was left, which formed the door, over which was suspended a heavy tassel of white and silver, while similar ones hung from each corner of the canopy. The appearance of the entire car was at once tasteful and elegant.

The balloon at length was cut from its fastenings and went skyward, at first taking a northwesterly direction, but at the height of two thousand feet veering around to the east. A marriage contract was signed by the bride and bridegroom while on the voyage. This, according to its style, was a "sacred compact of holy matrimony, solemnized above the clouds, floating in mid air, and in accordance with the laws of the Empire State."

A wedding cake was kindly presented by Messrs. Stetson & Bradford, of the Casino, to the bride and bridegroom, as also a basket of wine. The cake was ornamented with a fine representation of the balloon, with cords, car, flags, etc., complete.

After a delightful trip, rendered remarkably so by the clear and cloudless state of the sky, the balloon landed as gently as a snow-flake and without any difficulty in Mount Vernon, at sunset. The party then returned to the city by the night train, and drove back to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

## DEATH—*IN ACCOUNT.*

It was very odd! It could not have been the freak of an ill-regulated fancy, for Mr. Ollapod was a man of system, and had nothing ill-regulated in the house. It was not an attack of the nerves, for Mr. Ollapod was an iron man. Mr. Ollapod was not drunk. Mr. Ollapod had taken nothing but his glass of sherry at dinner, as he had done for the last thirty years. Perhaps you will try to explain it away under the plea of an optical illusion. I answer, Mr. Ollapod never had any illusions. Mr. Ollapod was a common-sense, that is unfeeling, practical, that is unimaginative, business-like, that is money-making man. He sat in his arm-chair before his desk. He always sat there. The fire crackled comfortably to itself, as it did every evening. There was a little light filtering through a globe, and heavy shadows tangled in the curtains, and about the door, and making up strongly against the circle of fire-light on the polished floor; but the shadows were there every evening. Mr. Ollapod liked that half light; and, if you insist on your optical illusion, why did it occur on that particular night? Why not on other evenings? Why not every evening?

You will find no explanation in the occurrences of the day. They had been pleasant—that is, Mr. Ollapod had made money—nor in his occupation. He was counting a pile of greenbacks—five hundred dollars in small bills; and that refutes another theory with which doubtless you are prepared: he was not asleep. He was counting his money, and broad awake, you see, when he found himself in that room. You ask me what room? On my honor I have not the least idea. I do not think Mr. Ollapod himself could have answered that question as he stared about him in a ludicrous astonishment. Somebody's counting-room, for there were the high desks and the ledgers, but that is all I know. That is all he knew, though it was odd that he should have found himself at such loss, since there was not another Peter J. T. Ollapod in the Directory, and it was Mr. Peter J. T. Ollapod whose name they quoted with such easy familiarity, as in account, in making up the books.

When I say "they," I mean such a set of clerks as no one before Mr. Ollapod ever saw—just thumbs and fingers, writing with machine-like precision and celerity, after the dictation of a tongue hanging from the ceiling, like the clapper of a bell, as thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| Paid Mr. Ollapod........... | Three Fevers. |
| Paid " "........... | Two Intermittents. |
| Paid " "........... | One Consumption. |
| Paid " "........... | Ten Drunkards. |
| Paid " "........... | Four Deserted Families. |

Checked to his Account: See Book of the Recording Angel.

Fancy Ollapod's astonishment!

"It is a case of brain-fever," he said, mournfully, to himself. "I have overworked myself. What if I should die?" and tears trickled down as he thought of the loss—to himself. "But if such a set of hands were to be had out of a brain-fever, what treasures they would be in a down-town office! No need then of holidays, no rows about salaries, no tattling, no wife and four children forever in the way when any thing is to be done. If this be delirium it is a sensible one, and I should like to patent it. But then all that rubbish about angels and fevers. I must be very bad, after all."

"So you are, Peter J. T. Ollapod!" said the tongue, heartily. "So you are! What are you stopping for? You there—write!"

Dr. to P. J. T. Ollapod, for one undrained court. Details: One pool of green slime; two rotting heaps of garbage; one gutter overflowed; one mud alley.

Dr. to P. J. T. Ollapod, for four black holes without windows, called "Rooms to Let."

Dr. to P. J. T. Ollapod, for three mouldy cellars, overflowed at high tide, called "Rooms to Let."

Dr. to P. J. T. Ollapod, for one undrained, uncleansed, unaired fever-nest, called a "Tenement House."

Scratch! scratch! the thumbs and fingers setting all that down in black and white. Tap! tap! more thumbs and fingers counting off a pile of greenbacks smartly, and laying them out in rows. The five hundred dollars, in small bills, that Ollapod had just counted, and locked up in the third left-hand drawer of his walnut secretary.

"The vouchers!" said the tongue. "Copy as I read out:"

Four dollars from the widow in the little dark closet under the stairs, dying of consumption, brought on by starvation, bad air, and hopelessness.

Six dollars from the woman whose two children died of the surrounding nastiness—called, in their case, scarlet-fever.

Eight dollars from the family who take boarders, and sleep fourteen in one small room at night.

Six dollars from an abandoned wretch, whose home is often overflowed, and is always green with mould, and who is drinking himself to death because he never has any comfort except when drunk.

Five dollars from a wicked creature, aged seventeen, born in dirt and vice, reared in dirt and vice, and who has abandoned a virtue of which she scarcely heard, for Vice who nursed her.

Six dollars from a man whose wife and children died of the "fever-nest," and who, finding no hope any where, is going desperately to the bad.

Eight—

"What of it all?" cut in Ollapod, not relishing the tone of these vouchers. "Is it my fault that these people die or go to the devil? Do I oblige them to be vicious and dirty—or, for that matter, do I require them to live in my houses at all? Who in the world ever heard of such book-keeping before? In account for dysenteries, and typhoids, black-holes, and the morals of the wretches who live in them?"

"No one *in* the world hears of such things—very true," returned the tongue, with a blandness that made Ollapod shiver; "and for your question the answer is not in my department. We deal in this office simply with the physical facts of the case; but speaking as an impartial intelligence, and for myself, I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the Recording Angel, who settles these matters, will indorse the views of that woman who is talking just now in room 31 of your 'fever-nest,' you know."

Ollapod listened, and heard a weak voice saying, tremulously:

"I came here because I had tramped the streets day after day, and hunted the city, high and low, and there was nothing better for me. Rents are at such a pitch that poor folk can't pay them. Rooms are so dear that poor folk can't hire. My work was here, and if it wasn't here, where could I go with three little children? I knew they had fever here from one year's end to the other, and that the sickness was in the black ceiling, and the greasy floor, and the dirty hall, and the reek and stench and mud all around it; but we couldn't stand out in the street—we must go somewhere. I have tried to be decent. I think I am a decent woman. I was, anyhow, before I come here; but it is so discouraging to lie down at night and know that the next day will be no better, but worse; and the next day worse nor that; and the next day worse nor that. You say, talk to the children; but where is the use of talking to them? They can't stay here in this little room, three children of them, and stifle all day long. I keep it as clean and wholesome as I can, to be sure, but I can't keep out other folk's dirt; and somehow I can feel I am getting careless too—discouraged like. What is the use, after all, trying to shovel away one pile, when there's a bigger pile behind it? and what is the use of trying to teach the children, when they learn outside more of the devil in one hour than I can tell them of God in a month? Not that I think the folk is naturally so bad; but they're wore down and wore out, the most of them, like me, and they have give up and give in. They don't see no hope and no good. How can they? They must crowd together, for they can't pay the rent alone by themselves; and when you are so crowded you can't be clean if you try. I know, for I have tried it. And then look! It is poverty, sickness, dirt, and wickedness under you: it is poverty, sickness, and dirt over you; it is sickness and dirt on your right hand; it is wickedness and dirt on your left hand. Maybe there is, as you say, something better outside, but how are we going to know it—how are we going to feel and believe it—when we see and hear nothing but what I have told you, day in and day out? Top that with, part of the time, no fire, and often no food, and almost never any meat, and no decent clothes; and work, work, work forever, with no prospect of any thing better! *how* are you going to keep up above the mire and slime? Mr. Ollapod is our landlord, and I hear tell that he is a rich gentleman, and a Christian gentleman, and a generous gentleman to charitable institutions, and goes in for reform; but if Mr. Ollapod would only reform his own houses! If he would be charitable to us! If for five hundred dollars a quarter he would take three hundred, or even two hundred, and charge lower rents, and make rules forbidding folk to cram themselves in his houses, three and four families at a time in one room, and see that the rules was carried out. He could do it. He is rich enough to spare the time and money; or if Mr. Ollapod would only spend some of that money he gives away in cleaning out his fever-nests. If Mr. Ollapod would spend some of that money he gives away in building better houses, in putting in sewers and drains, and letting in the light and air of heaven; if he would only use some of that money in hiring folk to look after his houses when done, and make these poor ignorant creatures keep themselves clean; if he would only give us poor struggling wretches room and air—pure air! I don't know if he could put his name down on so many newspaper lists, or if he'd stand any higher in the church, but I do know all we poor folk would bless him and pray for him every day of our lives, that we would."

The tongue had no eyes, and yet Ollapod felt that it stared at him and was waiting. The thumbs and fingers had no eyes, yet Ollapod angrily felt that they were waiting too.

"The woman is illogical," spluttered Ollapod, "and impracticable, and it is no answer at all. It is mixing up business and charity. I never mix charity with business."

"I should think not," said the tongue, dryly. "Write. Voucher No. 90. Eight dollars."

"Are you never going to have done with that stuff?" interrupted Ollapod, getting in a rage.

"The question is, are you never going to have done, Mr. Ollapod?" answered the tongue. "Eight dollars—from—the old man in the attic, and write finis after it. He starved to death an hour ago, leaving the sum of money due on his rent, neatly folded in a paper, and addressed to his landlord, Mr. P. J. T. Ollapod."

Scratch! scratch! all the thumbs and fingers hurrying to write it down.

"I'll be hanged if this is a fever," quoth Ollapod, fuming and walking up and down. "No, Sir. Not even in the most reckless of deliriums, or the most abandoned of nightmares, could so insult, could I so insult myself. It is a joke; a practical joke, and it will be better for the—"

"Make out a receipt in full," pursued the tongue, inflexibly, "and the promissory note to Peter J. T. Ollapod and his heirs—payable—with compound interest—in cholera—six months from date."

"Good Heavens!" shouted Ollapod, and rushing madly toward the desks, saw heading the pages in flaming letters, "Death in account with Peter J. T. Ollapod."

If it was an optical illusion, it had vanished. If it was a dream, it had gone. If it was a warning, it has failed. Peter J. T. Ollapod started from his chair, rang the bells furiously, roused the house, soaked his feet, went to bed with ice on his head, and was very careful of himself for a week afterward, suspecting incipient tendencies to apoplexy. For the fever-nests, the black holes, and the places where the drains and sewers should be, they are maturing the interest on that promissory note.

## A RESURRECTION.

Thomas Upham and myself had, in our boyhood's days, been school-fellows, and had there formed a friendship that our after-years had increased. I had made friends of all the family, consisting, besides my friend Tom, of his pater and mater, and four sisters. Tom was my senior by some three or four years, and was now married. His father had built a house down at Westfield, and the rest of the family now usually resided there in preference to their house in town. My friendship and intimacy with the family, though it had only begun with Tom, had during these years extended to each member, and I had been welcome to run down to Westfield for a day or two, whenever I could persuade my business ties to make it convenient.

The Uphams were an extremely wealthy family, and though, pecuniarily speaking, I was nowhere, I was always treated as one of themselves. These years of intimacy in a family in which there were four daughters had, as may well be supposed, made my feelings for one of them somewhat overstep the bounds of mere friendship—I do not mind now owning a fact, that I, some years since, guarded with a jealous care. I was in love with Mary Upham. Yes, notwithstanding my humble position, and great inferiority to the family, I was rash enough to fall into love, and what led me on to indulge in this was the fact, that my love was returned as heartily as it was given. My prospects were good for one in my position, for I had strong hopes—nay, a certainty—of, in another two years, finding myself with an annual income of $1000, which I doubted not would rise to $1500. This, I knew, would not serve to keep Polly Upham in the position she had been in, or give her the comforts she enjoyed at home; still, as she did not throw cold water on our hopes, it was not for me to do so. Besides, there was no great hurry; we were both young, and could well wait some two or three years. I had hopes that the family would view my suit with a favorable eye when I was in a better position to advance my hopes, and placed considerable reliance on the footing I stood on with them.

So, for some fifteen months, did the secret engagement between Polly and myself exist till confirmed ill health shattered my hopes of the future, and caused me to relinquish that situation from which I had hoped so much. We had corresponded frequently; but I now thought it would be the only plan that I could honorably pursue to discontinue our hopeless engagement. I found my better judgment barely a match for the promptings of my heart; but Polly, though silent on the matter, could not have thought different to myself, though thereby our dearest hopes were upraised. Besides, we were apart, or I much doubt whether all our reasonings would have convinced us.

It may have been a foolish thing—after the dissolution of our troth—for me, within six months, again to seek the company of one who should, for the future, only meet me as a friend. Yet, whether foolish or not, I have only to record that I went down to Westfield and joined the Upham family. My greeting from each of its members was cordial and hearty in the extreme. As usual with them, they had much company, and it was owing to this cause that Polly and myself were for many days kept apart, and therefore much unpleasantness for each of us avoided. Thus, though possibly on the same side in a game at croquet during the day, or at bagatelle in the evening (and we somehow managed to get on the same side), the presence of others would prevent our chat from being on any but indifferent topics; and for some reasons I thought this a blessing. But it did not last. I daily saw others by Polly's side; and the thought that I used to be so favored [illegible] my mind, and would cause an unpleasant rising and choking in my throat that was far from pleasant. But of course this was not jealousy. Oh dear no!—nothing of the kind. So things went on for some weeks, till, laying by all my former prudent resolves, I determined to try and find out whether Polly had entirely ceased to care for me.

By this time some of the visitors had departed, and I had more opportunities of seeking Polly's society than had been before afforded me. I need not detail the steps I took; but suffice it to say, I found that, under all her assumed coldness, she cared for me as much as ever. I found that a proposal that had been made to her some weeks previously had been declined; and, without pressing her for her reasons, I was pleased to find that her recollections of myself had principally caused her refusal being given. We may have been foolish—are not love and youth always said to be so?—but without any fresh vows being registered, or any fresh engagement being entered into, we seemed to have again entered upon our course of love. Thus, in our daily rides and walks, we indulged in the sweet converse that to ourselves proved so attractive, but that seems so insipid to those outside love's charmed circle. At night we found some opportunity of giving and taking a kiss as of old; and in every way possible I found myself head over ears in love, yet with no prospect of arriving at the desirable consummation of marriage. We were both, however, of determinedly independent spirits; and one day, being (by some means we had overlooked) on opposite sides in a fiercely-contended game of croquet, one of those points of dispute to which the game so often is subject arose. Polly sided with her side, I with mine; the rules were produced, but did not seem to bear on the point; neither party seemed willing to give way; the game was left unfinished, and I saw that a coldness between myself and Polly had set in. Her younger sisters thoughtlessly did their best to widen the breach, which continued for upward of a week. There was to be a wedding in the family, and during the bustle and confusion of preparations Polly and I saw little of each other. The wedding-day arrived; in great measure owing to Polly's indifference, I excused myself from being present. I thought over in my mind, that though this was an unfortunate misunderstanding, it would be as well for me to take this opportunity of bringing my visit to a close.

With this object in view, as soon as the family returned from the wedding I made my preparations for departure. I succeeded in having a few minutes' private conversation with Polly, and told her that I seemed to be under the cloud of her displeasure (I knew not for what reason); I thought it would be better for us to part. I gave her to understand that, whatever hopes I had once entertained of calling her mine, my ill health seemed to have dispersed them, and that, in wishing her farewell, I trusted she might never have cause to repent her present cruel treatment. Her reply was in just as lofty language. She told me that, considering the way in which she had been treated by me, she thought it better we should bring our engagement to an end.

Thus mutually satisfied that each of us had suffered very grievous treatment at each other's hands, we parted. Bidding adieu to each of my kind friends, I left Westfield, and wondered whether I should ever revisit it. As I was carried away by the train I somewhat descended from the lofty stilts of ill-usage I had mounted, and was forced to allow to myself that some little of the blame of the quarrel was to be attached to myself. But we had now parted; Mary Upham and I were to be no more to each other than if we had never met. Perhaps it was better that it should be so, now I had to do something for myself, and for myself alone. I determined to sink all vain regrets, to endeavor to forget the history of the past few weeks, and to seek for some employment suited to my partially restored health. In this last object I was successful; I met with a commission, which, without being any great tax on my brain or body, sufficed to keep me comfortably, and nothing more. But I was content; the dream of my life some months before had fled; and now, living as a bachelor, I found all I required was the gratification of my bachelor wants. I had not forgotten Mary Upham, nor did I think I ever should; but the engagement of everyday business, and the thorough change of scene and habits, had softened my regrets, and deadened the activity of all painful remembrances.

So time swept on in the great City, as it was doing elsewhere all the world over; Christmas was at hand, and I had determined to spend it with friends in New York. It was Christmas-eve: I thought I would spend the evening with a friend, and set off to do so. The clouds were lowering when I started, and before I had got half-way it commenced a downpour of rain. I did not take a carriage, for I knew I should not find my friend at home before a certain hour of the evening, but turned into the first restaurant I came to, and ordered some tea. While my tea was getting ready I glanced over the daily papers; suddenly my eye was caught by the sight of the word "Westfield." Though all my ties with the place were severed, I read the fragment of news with interest. It gave an account of the high gales that had prevailed round the Eastern coast, and went on to say that a stranger had, some days before, been found dead and disfigured below one of the cliffs. It was supposed he had literally been blown off the cliff by the violence of the wind. I pitied the poor fellow's fate, and found my thoughts wandering to my friends at Westfield. I pictured them to myself with a house full of company for the Christmas-time. And Mary Upham, or Polly as I had delighted to call her, what was she doing, who thinking about? My thoughts, which should at this festive season have been charitable to all the world, were for some unaccountable reason far from being so. I pictured Polly (lately my Polly) flirting with some fresh face; no sooner off with the old love than on with the new. "No," said I to myself, "I was right when I expressed a doubt of her ever regretting her scornful treatment of me when we parted."

With these thoughts in my mind I took another cup of tea, and gave the paper another turn. *Mirabile dictu!* here my eyes rest upon the list of deaths, and what is it I see? Though marriages and births share the honor of being the only portion of a paper that the ladies think it worth their while to study, what inducement can I, now getting to be a cantankerous old bachelor, find in studying the list of deaths? But it is sufficient for me now to state that what caught my eye, and I may naturally say took my breath away, was the announcement of my own death! Yes, there it was, in plain, staring, black letters, on a white ground, and the longer I looked the larger it seemed to become:

"Died, in Hampton Hospital, on the 18th inst., Charles Gilbert, formerly of Boston."

"Hampton Hospital! I was never in the place in my life!" But my name was Charles Gilbert, and my native place was Boston. "It must be some one of the same name," said I; and with this I endeavored to dismiss the thought. But a fresh idea came into my head, and calling for ink and paper, I wrote these few lines in haste:

"*To the Editor of the Westfield News:*

"Sir,—Please insert this notice of death in your issue of Friday next. Yours, etc."

After writing as above I cut out the notice from the New York paper, and inclosed it with the note I had written, and all the postage stamps I had with me. Having paid my reckoning, I found the rain had ceased, so set out for my friend's, posting my letter on the way. I well knew that the Westfield *News* was read by my Eastern friends, and trusted the announcement might meet Miss Mary Upham's eye, for at the moment I felt much incensed against her.

Christmas passed, and with it all thoughts of my recently-announced death. I was still in New York working my commission; but a change was coming.

Many of my relatives had a firm conviction that a large extent of very valuable property belonged to our family. Lawyers were consulted, and all the proper processes were gone through; but still the trial did not come on. So for some four years had this affair been coming-on each successive term; when, thoroughly disgusted with the "glorious uncertainty of the law," I gave up all the hopes I had entertained when I first heard of the impending trial; I had been for some time tired of hearing any thing about it, and wishing I might not have the headache till I came into my share of the property. But after all these delays the trial came off, and we were victorious. The spoil which now came into my hands had to undergo a number of divisions, and was necessarily reduced thereby. But it made a considerable difference to myself; for while I had at the approach of last Christmas-day been working daily for a small salary, I this year saw the same season approach, having no occasion to put my shoulder to the wheel, being the fortunate possessor of an annual stipend of $2000.

But there was to be a great gathering of all the branches of the Gilbert family; and Christmas was kept most royally among us. Our good fortune made us good friends; and at this festive season we mutually laid aside any former differences that existed among us. For a time I visited one or another of my relatives, and renewed acquaintances that time and distance had weakened, if not severed.

But I soon began to long for a change, and determined to spend a few weeks in New York. Here I looked up many who had forgotten me, and half determined again to commence my pleasant bachelor life. One evening, tired and thirsty, I turned into a restaurant and ordered tea. The place seemed familiar, and I suddenly remembered that it was from here I had sent that remarkable announcement of my own death. It now struck me for the first time that it might have caused pain to those whose eyes may have seen it. A flood of memories swept over me, and countless sweet recollections of all my kind friends at Westfield were presented vividly to my mind. I thought I should like to see them again, and determined I would the next day go down to Westfield, stop at the hotel, and see my friends at church without being known to them. This being determined on, and having made my few preparations, I took ticket for Westfield on the evening of the next day. It was Saturday; so when I arrived I took up my quarters at the hotel, and resolved I would not turn out till the next morning, when I intended beholding the Upham family from my seat at church, and flattered myself that the alterations of upward of two years would screen me from discovery and prove my incognito. I must own to a degree of nervousness the following morning, when, after my breakfast, I was arraying myself for church. I tried to reason to myself, arguing that Mary Upham was now nothing to me, but with very indifferent success. I wondered whether I should be known, and, though my features were precisely the same, hoped that the mustache and drooping beard and whiskers, which were novelties since they last saw me, would effectually disguise me. So, with some feeling of trepidation, I set off. I was late; the service had begun; and somewhat vexed with myself, it was some minutes before I got over the confusion I always feel at entering a place of worship during service.

When I had recovered my equanimity I looked round for the Uphams. Yes, there they were in their old place, all but the eldest daughter, who I knew was married, and Tom: father, mother, two youngest daughters, a cousin (female), and last, but foremost in my eyes, Polly, looking paler, more delicate than I had ever seen her, but, to my eyes, more lovely than ever. I was in a great measure out of their view, and remained so till the close of the service. While the last hymn was being sung I noticed her eyes fixed on me, her face ghastly pale. The service closed, the people were leaving; I rose to go, and by the action faced Polly Upham. A half look of recognition lights her face; but it instantly pales, and she staggers. I move to save her from falling, but others are before me, and finding I can do nothing, I leave the building. I returned to my inn. I had little appetite for dinner, and, as soon as possible, got out for a walk. I can not but help thinking that Polly has recognized me. After a long walk I return to the hotel, and on my going up into my room find my luggage removed. I ring to inquire the reason, and am told that Mr. Upham had sent to inquire the name of the gentleman staying there, and on hearing it to be Charles Gilbert, had insisted on removing my luggage, and left word that I was at once to go up to his house. This I determined I would not do, but having had my tea I went to the evening service. Mrs. Upham and Polly were not there. The devotions were concluded, and, before I could make my escape, Mr. Upham and the minister were upon me, charging me with my identity, and, despite my remonstrances, I was forced *nolens volens* to return with Mr. Upham to his house. Arrived there, I was questioned on all sides regarding my supposed death; and it was long before I could convince them that the Gilbert who died at Hampton Hospital was a perfect stranger to myself.

I was compelled to stay at their house, and by some delicate planning, of which I was the innocent victim, found myself presently left alone in the room, but not for long. The door shortly opened, and Polly Upham entered. With very ill-suppressed embarrassment I rose to meet her. We were at first all but silent; but overcoming the conflicting emotions I felt, I told her how sorry I was to find her so ill as she seemed; told her she had never been forgotten by me; and, in fact, doubtless uttered all the rhapsodies common to such occasions. I found that she had really mourned my death, in which they had all believed. The sight of me in the church in the morning had appeared to her as a rising from the dead. On first seeing the printed announcement of my death she had kept the knowledge to herself, but had had a severe illness in consequence, and during her times of delirium her love for me had become known to her parents. But little more need be said. My friendship with the Uphams was renewed, and in course of time a fresh bond of union was formed by the nuptials of Miss Upham and myself, to which event no obstacle was thrown by her parents. Ever since the completion of my desires on that happy day I may say that the course of true love between my wife and myself has run smooth, and the only secret that I kept from her knowledge is, as to who the individual was who sent the Westfield *News* the notice of the death of Charles Gilbert, late of Boston, at Hampton Hospital, on the 18th inst.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Cool weather greets us early this season; and though we may yet look for the tardy but beautiful Indian Summer days, cloaks and furs have been in requisition of late, to exclude the chilly air that seems often laden with unshed snow. Ladies have unwrapped their carefully camphor-scented or pepper-sprinkled minks and sables—alas! too often only to be shocked at the havoc made in their cherished furs by the insidious moth. Many a valuable article is totally ruined, though the owner is certain it was put away with the utmost circumspection. The truth is, that the moth-miller is a very sly creature, and unless a lady really understands how to deal with those articles wherein it seeks to find a nest, she would be wiser to give them in charge of a furrier. While it is possible for every one to take proper care of her own furs during the warm season, it is certain that cedar-wood, camphor, pepper, and the like, will not insure them against injury, if the moth-egg has been deposited previously in them. First make *sure* by examination, by beating, brushing, etc., that this is not the case, then wrap the articles securely in linen or paper, adding camphor, etc., if you like, though it is not necessary, and they will be safe. But if there is *one* little hole in your linen or paper, some adventurous moth-miller is pretty sure to discover it, and all your labor may prove in vain.

In regard to the kind and style of fur to be worn this season: Sable, like diamonds, will always take foremost rank in its way, but there are other furs which become the rage for a season. It is asserted by the leading furriers that chinchilla is to be the favorite trimming this winter, when paletôt and dress are of the same material. The pelerines will be cut of a moderate size; in fact, boas both round and flat, as well as collarets of all dimensions, will be worn—in these things the furriers' fashions promise to be most promiscuous. But medium-sized muffs are to be worn. The small muffs, which barely allowed the introduction of hands gloved with sixes and a half, and the large muff, which allowed a vast amount of shopping to be carried home in it, are both to give way to that most sensible of sizes, the happy medium.

As a fitting accompaniment of warm furs and other winter wrappings, a new material has been introduced in Paris for winter bonnets; it is woven to imitate snow-flakes; the ground-work is of some brilliant color, and the snow in long silky masses upon it. It is very effective, but curious rather than beautiful.

Nowadays the style of a lady's petticoats is almost as important as the style of her dresses. The latest Parisian fashions state that nothing is considered more elegant at the present time than white alpaca, with a band of black and groseille velvet check round it; and nothing in better taste for dresses than black poplins over brown or mauve cashmere petticoats.

Striped petticoats, as well as dresses, are also very general at the present moment in Paris. Some are poppy red, striped with white; others brown, striped with black; the wide stripe is woolen, the narrow one silk. Stockings are now always purchased to match the petticoat, for they are striped, and of exactly the same color and shade. The boots with tassels, about which such prejudices existed last summer in Paris, are now accepted by even the most fastidious. For dressy occasions they are made of colored kid, the brown and blue kid being preferred to any other hues. The tassels are of silk of the same color as the boot.

The French are proverbially so artificial that sensible American ladies are not ambitious to ape *all* of their fashions. Nevertheless one likes to know what queer and curious fancies their fertile brains invent. It is said that at the opening of the Italian theatre in Paris a great many ladies wore the new steel powder in their hair, and undoubtedly it produced a most brilliant effect. If people can not leave their locks as nature intended, it is better to powder than to dye them; the former process is harmless in its results, which by no means can be said of the latter. But although the experiences of dyeing the hair have been any thing but happy, it is a fashion which is far from being abandoned. Ladies appear with light golden-brown, and even with bright red hair, who all their lives have been known to possess brown locks; and then this dyeing of the hair draws them into painting their faces, for natural red hair is always accompanied with clear pink-and-white complexions and fair skins; therefore to look natural they must try for the roses and lilies on their faces, and to achieve these they must have recourse to that most injurious habit—the use of paints and cosmetics. It is only distance that lends enchantment to the view of these French painted dolls. The large veils which are now fashionable, and which are worn so long that even when raised they will not remain on the bonnet, favor rather than otherwise this atrocious habit; for paint only stands a chance of deluding when veiled.

It may be interesting to the deluded young ladies who contributed to the album of "Adolf Graaf zu Dohna, Premier Lieutenant in the Corps de Garde Cuirassiers, and member of one of the most aristocratic families in the kingdom of Prussia," to know that the aforesaid volume is now quietly reposing on the shelf of a pawnbroker. It is stated that the lady through whose instrumentality the so-called "Count Adolf" was arrested, was herself once in the custody of officers on charge of being a rebel sympathizer. It is also a circumstance of interest to those concerned that at the time of the "Count's" arrest, about two hundred letters were found on his person, together with photographs of all his young lady friends in Boston, St. Louis, and New York, and the little notes that accompanied them, some of which were worded in the most endearing language. These letters he had regarded so choice that he never trusted them to his luggage, but always carried them about his person, and even to dinner-parties, private hops, the opera, and other places where it was necessary for him to appear in full-dress.

We think an appropriate heading to our next paragraph might be,

> "Train up a Child in the way he should go."—There was once a miserly old fellow who used to say to his children at night, "Who will have a penny to go to bed without supper?" All were eager for the penny. In the morning when the children rose hungry from their overnight fasting, he would say again, "Who will pay a penny and have a hot biscuit for breakfast?" Of course the pennies all came back to his pocket—with a clear saving of supper!

On a somewhat modified plan George Francis Train proposes a new creed whereby children may be "trained" to good habits; and we infer that his own children are already being "trained" under the system. He offers them five cents for every law of health which they will observe for one month. For taking a bath every morning, five cents; for brushing their teeth, five cents; for playing in the open air, five cents; for wearing none but linen under-clothes, five cents; water at meals, five cents? no meat at breakfast, five cents; no medicines nor Bourbon, five cents—and so on, to the number of twenty-nine particulars, which, at five cents a piece, yield a monthly income of $1 45 for each good child—virtue and profit combined. But a saving clause comes in. For every broken rule the children are to pay back to their "trainer" five cents; and then, if by chance they have any money left at the end of the month, they are to cultivate charity, "*by giving it to the poor!*" Wonder whether this educate-on-the-high-pressure-system gives his five cents derived from broken rules to the same worthy object?

The following communication having come to hand, we insert it without comment, since it will explain itself:

> *Dear Home and Foreign Gossip:*
>
> Not long since I noticed in your columns a paragraph touching the uncivil conduct of a certain clerk in one of the Broadway shops. I conclude that said clerk took his "cue" from "Brown, Jones, & Robinson." In the account given by Trollope of the struggles of that estimable firm to establish itself in business, it is stated that "the articles ticketed in the window were not under any circumstances to be sold. The shopmen, indeed, were forbidden to remove them from their positions under any entreaties or threats from the customers. The customer was to be at first informed, with all the blandishment at the shopman's command, that the goods furnished within the shop were exact counterparts of those exposed. Then the shopman was to argue that the arrangements of the windows could not be disturbed."
>
> If your readers have any curiosity to know how Mrs. Morony attempted to obtain a silk mantle she saw displayed in the shop-window of the aforesaid firm they will find the amusing incident recorded in Chapter XIV. of "The Struggles of Brown, Jones, & Robinson."
>
> Yours truly, Una.

Humanity cries "Shame!" when in these days of luxury and extravagance such facts as the following come to light. Would that there were some law by which those who thus "grind the faces of the poor" could be brought to speedy punishment. That they will eventually "reap as they sow" there is no doubt. During the recent investigation into the sanitary condition of our city, a mother and two daughters were found in a so-called improved tenement house, who stated that the halls were never lit, and that they were always almost totally dark during the day.

"What rent do you pay?" asked one of the visitors.

"Seven dollars a month," answered the mother, "and we find it pretty hard work to make things meet all right and pay our expenses."

"You work at artificial flower-making, I see," remarked a gentleman. "How much can you make a day at that?"

"Well," said the woman, "we three can make, if we work from 7 o'clock in the morning until 9 at night, about one dollar and a quarter. *We get five cents for every twelve gross we make.*"

This woman said that she was obliged to live in such a place, but that she fully knew that it was one of "the most horrible places on the face of the earth."

The balloon wedding proved to be only a Fifth Avenue Hotel wedding after all! Waiting two mortal hours after the time appointed for the "show" made the eager crowd impatient, cold, and cross. For further particulars in regard to the reason of this delay we refer to the conflicting accounts in the daily papers of last week, Thursday.

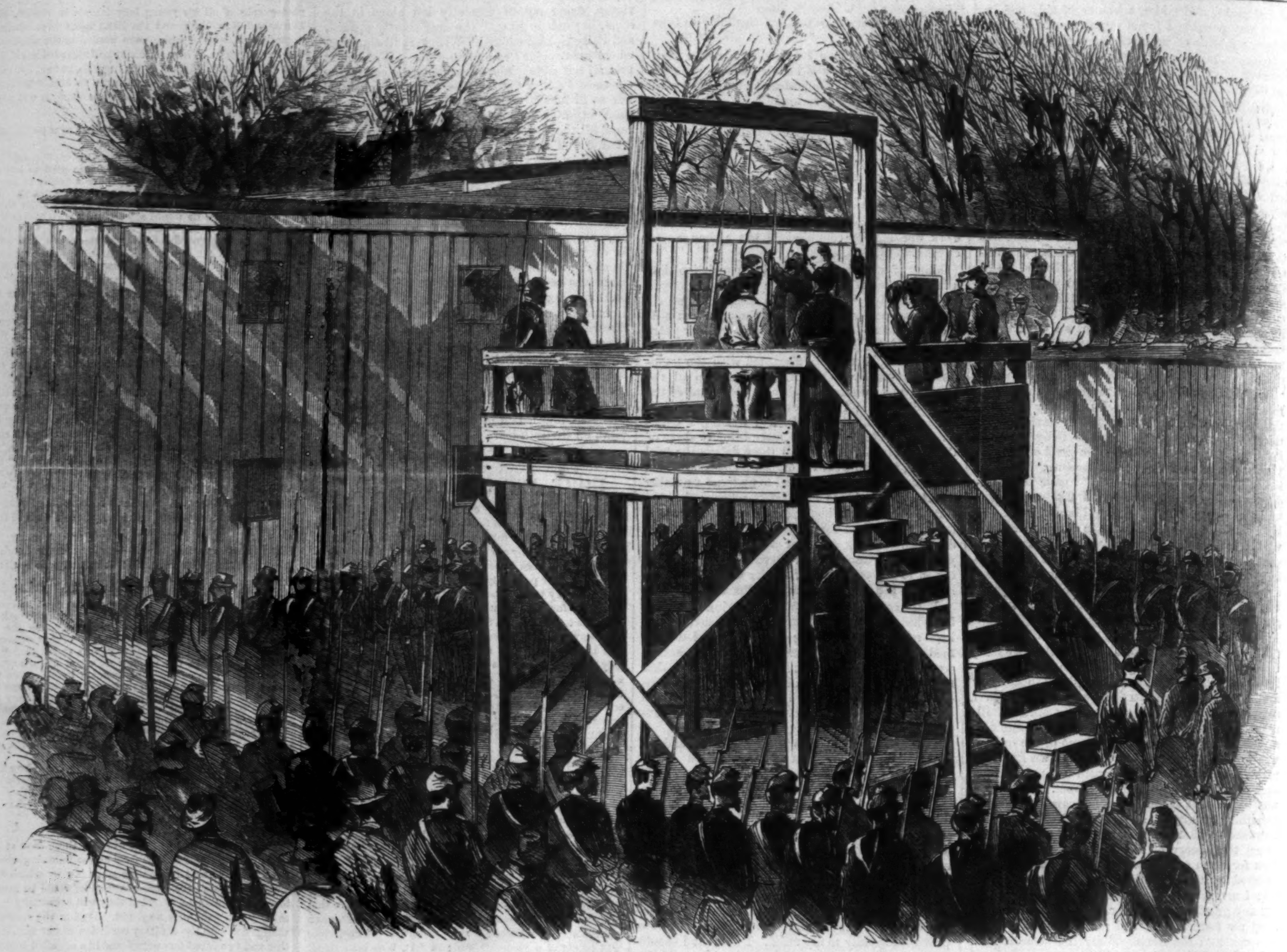
Eugénie is not deterred from works of charity by any fear. It is stated that the Empress, although suffering from a severe cold, devoted the entire day not long since to visiting the patients suffering in the hospitals from cholera. She successively visited the hospitals Beaujon, Lariboisière, and St. Antoine, and approached the bedside of all the cholera patients, questioning and exhorting them with solicitude and devotion.

Queen Victoria seems to have aroused herself to take some interest in her subjects. The following item will show that she has remembered the sick:

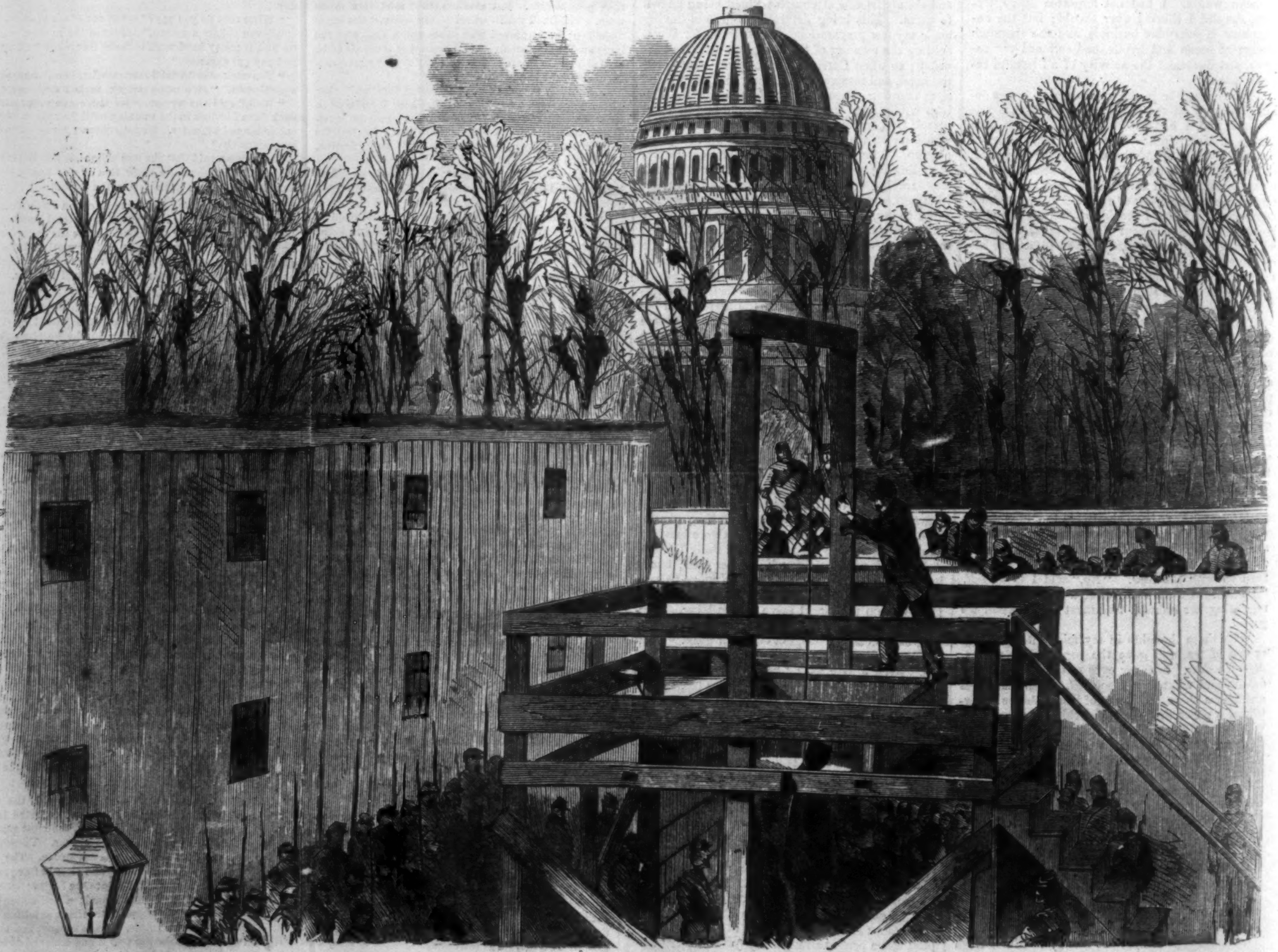
> Royal Present of Playthings for Sick Children.—The little patients under treatment in the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street have again been the objects of her Majesty's kind and thoughtful regard. The hearts of these suffering little ones were last week gladdened by another present of toys from the Queen. A large packing-case full of articles selected by her Majesty as suitable for distribution among the children arrived from Coburg. These toys are given to the patients, who highly prize them, and carry them away when they leave the hospital. Numberless small mementos of Royal consideration thus find their way into some of the holes and corners of the poor in London and the country, as this hospital receives patients from all parts of the land.

A curious announcement was recently made in a parish church in Nottinghamshire, whereby the congregation were somewhat surprised. The clerk gave out the following notice: "I hereby give notice that the Duke of Portland's rent-day will be held at the Swan Hotel, Mansfield, on Tuesday, the 31st of October;" and adding, without any pause, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God." It appears that the Duke's agent had requested the clerk to inform the tenants that the rent-day would be on October 31, and the worthy old gentleman thought that by announcing it from the desk would be the best means of giving it publicity.

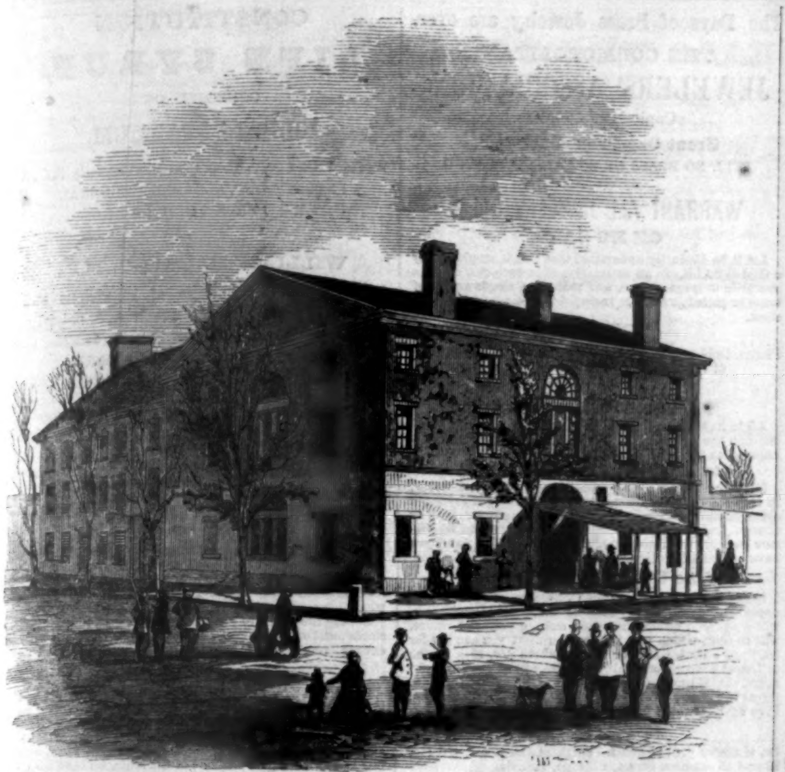
A London paper observes that Mr. Appold, the well-known engineer, recently deceased, had collected in his own house, and the works adjoining it, the most remarkable proofs of his cleverness as an inventor. There every thing that could be made so was automatic. The doors opened as you approached them, and closed after you had entered; water came unbidden into the basins; when the gas was lighted the shutters closed; a self-acting thermometer prevented the temperature rising or falling above or below certain fixed points, and the air supplied for ventilation was both washed to cool it and screened to cleanse it. Even the gates of his stable-yard opened of themselves as he drove through, and closed again without slamming.



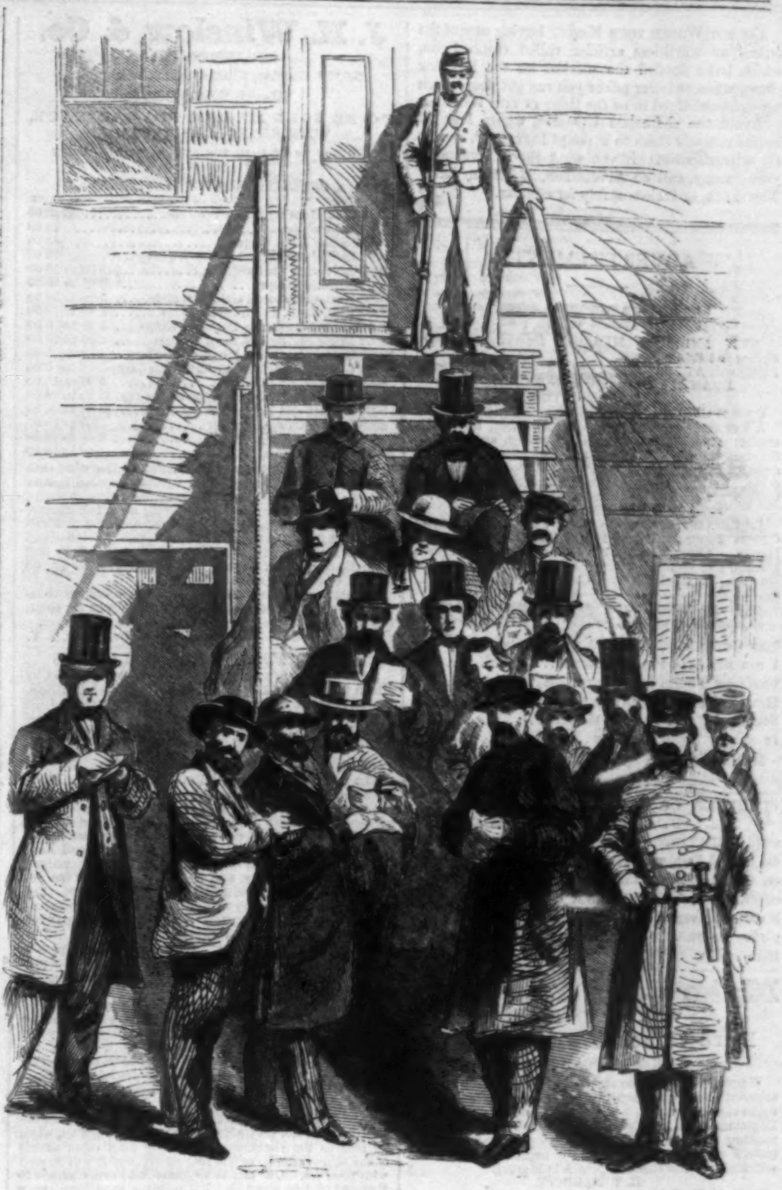
EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN HENRY WIRZ—ADJUSTING THE ROPE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



EXECUTION OF WIRZ—LOWERING THE BODY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.—[SEE PAGE 741.]



EXECUTION OF WIRZ—THE OLD CAPITOL PRISON, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[Phot. by Gardner.]



MEMBERS OF THE PRESS AWAITING THE EXECUTION OF WIRZ.—[Photographed by Gardner.]

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Of the costumes represented in the engraving one is a morning dress in violet silk—a color quite *à la mode* now, and lately worn by her Majesty the Empress; its shape, the "Gabrielle," is to the last degree becoming; the trimmings at the back of the bodice and on the shoulders are in insertion of gimp with bugles; the shoulder-knots and tabs being of the same material, with pendent buttons. The lines of jet thus introduced display to advantage the elegant simplicity of this costume. At the bottom of the skirt one row of the same trimming is mostly preferred, which is similarly carried along the seam of the sleeve. In front large buttons, of the acorn pattern, in gimp insertion, reach to the bottom of the dress.

In the second figure will be found a "Toilette de Visite," in *vert-pomme* silk, with jacket and skirt of the same shade. It will be observed, however, that the pattern of the jacket is modified, the edges being bordered with lace; if below this a trimming of Maltese lace is added a very pretty effect is produced. The jacket is trimmed like the skirt.

The bonnet is very elegant. The front and inside being in black velvet considerable brilliancy is given to the gold pendants by this dark ground. The aigrette is black, and, with a spotted lace veil, completes agreeably this article of attire, which, if slightly flattened over the forehead, has a most coquettish air.

The third toilet approximates to a winter dress. The form of the cloak in black velvet, with passementerie of the same color, is very graceful, the lower border being trimmed with lace. The color of the dress is "havanne," the ribbons being in white taffeta, covered with black guipurê insertion. The lappels upon the flounce, as well as the circular trimming shown in the engraving, are of the same material, and set off admirably this very distingué toilet. The bonnet is in black velvet, in the style known as the "Empire," trimmed with white feathers. Bonnets generally remain very small, and the "fanchons" pattern is especially worn at concerts and theatres in *fantaisie légère*.

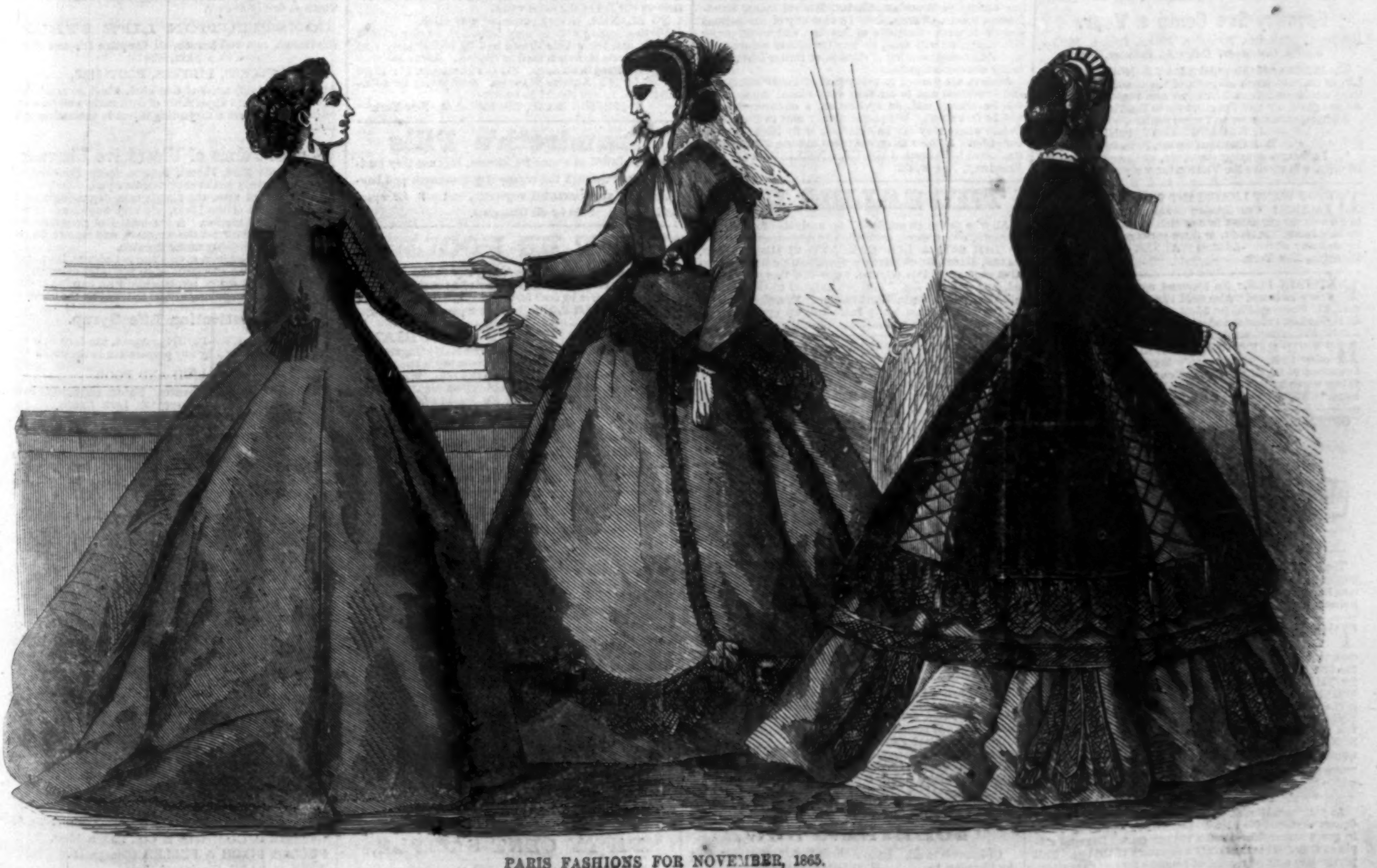
In jewelry cameos will be especial favorites, and complete "parures" are already exhibited by the leading houses. These gems invariably command the admiration of all persons of taste. The settings must, however, be simple and chaste, to coincide with the prevailing *gout*.

Russian buckles, ornamented with little chains, will be much worn over dark dresses of every shade.

Dresses without plaits, but with gored skirts, are quite in vogue, while passementerie, with white bugles or jet, is much used in trimming. Walking dresses are, of course, looped, and display petticoats trimmed to correspond with the dress itself.

In "coiffures" the back hair is not being worn so low as it has recently been; coronets and curls are being generally adopted, these styles suiting so many different classes of features.

"Pardessus" are demi-serres, so as only to define but not fit the figure. They are ornamented with "capuchons." The materials used are of considerable substance, and those speckled patterns now made in every variety of color are much in request.



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